

THE FACTS ABOUT STOCKHOLM

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Events of the Week.

THE war on land has been steadily working up in intensity, and the Allied offensive has considerably extended its scope during the week. The Verdun sector has sprung to life once more, and the eleventh battle on the Isonzo has begun. There have been strong local attacks at Ypres and at Lens. Each of these engagements is part of the Allied plan to crush the enemy fighting force; but whereas the actions on the Western Front are all intimately inter-related, that on the Italian Front looks rather to the line in the East against which the enemy has been delivering repeated attacks. The Canadians' engagement on Tuesday is the unique example of an encounter-battle on the main fronts in this war, and under the conditions of the action everything depended on the initiative of the subordinate command and the spirit of the men. Though greatly outnumbered, the Canadians gradually pressed back the Germans, and after a severe struggle captured their first-trench line, which was packed by troops held ready to drive home the initial assault. A simultaneous advance south-west of Lens was made, and the town is a stage nearer being squeezed out of the German hands. On Wednesday morning the positions in the Ypres sector were still further improved, and it is noticeable that German General Headquarters, in accounts of Allied attacks issued a little time after the event, are beginning to acknowledge the true rôle of these engagements. They seem intended to prepare the ground for further great attacks.

THE violence and spirit of the struggle on the British part of the battlefield might cause us to wonder how the Germans can produce first-rate troops all along their line if we had not the success at Verdun to prove that

when the enemy has skimmed the cream of his troops for counter-attacks the remainder is poor material. Some of the surrenders at Verdun took place during the preliminary bombardment. A company was led towards the French line by its non-commissioned officers, and another surrendered on the following day bringing the correspondence of the first. These facts prove that there is a stratum, which is now being reached, that represents a poorer quality than we have hitherto known. The men were, of course, cut off from support for some days, subjected to a terrible bombardment, and presumably deprived of their officers. They lost their nerve and surrendered.

THE French attack at Verdun had been prepared by several days' heavy bombardment. On Monday, the infantry went forward on a front of eleven miles between Bezonsvaux on the East, and Avocourt Wood on the West of the Meuse. They were able to advance for a distance of between one and two miles, and they have now carried their line beyond the place where it stood on the third day of the Crown Prince's attack last year. At one or two points it is near the positions held at the opening of that gigantic battle. Our Ally has taken over 7,640 prisoners, including 600 German wounded, with a considerable amount of material. Among the recaptured positions are the Goose Hill, Dead Man's Hill, Avocourt Wood, Regnéville, Samogneux, Hill 344, and Talou Ridge. The Crown Prince's spectacular advance in no two days achieved results such as these, and it is notable that the advance was carried out on both sides of the river. All the gains have been maintained and the counter-attacks broken. It cannot be encouraging to the German Staff, who have been so long engaged in writing the epitaph of the French Army, to be faced with so virile a resurrection.

GENERAL CADORNA may be conceived as repaying the debt he owes to Russia for her succor last year. In June, 1916, the Austrians were forcing their way into the Venetian plain, when suddenly Brussiloff broke the enemy front about Lutsk, and brought the Austrian plans to nought. The Russians have now arrested their retreat on the Galician front, but Mackensen is still pressing hard in Roumania. It is at this point that the Italians opened their most formidable attack. The bombardment had been in progress for some days, when the infantry advanced on Sunday over a front of nearly thirty miles between the sea and the Upper Isonzo. From Tolmino to the coast the struggle is still raging, and this one fact suggests the changed bearing of the attack. The offensive does not seem to be of the old limited variety. There are limited objectives scattered over this vast front, and the nature of the terrain breaks up much of the fighting into isolated tussles. It is on the Carso that this sort of fighting is most evident. Assisted from the sea by floating batteries, with British and Italian monitors, the land batteries, some of them also French and British, have beaten much of the Austrian offensive to dust. The Austrians admit the loss of positions on the Bainsizza Plateau below Tolmino, and on the Carso above the Hermada height.

THE former positions were only gained by the extraordinary courage and skill of the Italians, who, after crossing the Isonzo, had still to scale the slopes of the plateau. On a front of twenty miles, the whole of the first Austrian defensive system was carried on the first day. At some points the enemy was able to recapture temporarily the ground seized by the assistance of careful artillery fire and machine guns. But the struggle seems to have become more an issue of the two armies than of any positions. The Italians have taken over 300 officers, and more than 16,000 men, with about 30 guns, and they have lost, according to the Austrian claims, over 5,600. These probably represent wounded left on the ground in the temporary recoils, and the small bodies who must become detached in the scattered fighting. But it is difficult to conceive the manner and plan of this fighting, where men have to cross hill country under a terrific fire, which has torn a most formidable obstacle into an almost impassable one. And it is notorious that the Austrians fight more vigorously against the Italians than against any other foe.

THE Pope's proposals for peace have caused no unexpected reactions in European public opinion, and if the Press is a safe guide (which it may not be), it has left everyone in his habitual state of mind. The general rule in this country was a friendly, though cautious, Liberal Press, and a hostile and sometimes abusive Tory Press. In France, with a much severer censorship, the entire Press was apparently hostile, with the exception of the Socialist organs. The papers which belong to the Radical tendency, led by M. Caillaux, have lately been suppressed, including the promising new weekly, "Les Nations." In Germany the papers of the Socialist-Radical-Clerical Block were, of course, friendly, and so significantly enough was the whole Austrian Press. The really interesting attitude is that of the German Jingo Press, which expressed itself exactly as our own did, with the terms changed. Thus even the solemn "Kölnische Zeitung," the nearest counterpart to the "Times," declared that "the Pontiff has allowed himself to be used as a tool by the Allies, and especially by England." The "Tägliche Rundschau" detected "an entente flavor" in the Note, and thought the Pope as "dangerous" as Mr. Wilson. Count Reventlow said that the Papal programme meant "the end of the Central European alliance and the ruin of the German Empire in every direction." So the two brass bands blazed in unison, the only difference being that while the German Junkers called the Pope pro-English, the English Jingoos denounced him as pro-German.

THE official responses to the Pope's Note are not to be expected for some time. Our own Government has acknowledged its reception, and promised to examine it in "a benevolent and serious spirit." The first step, as was indicated in the House, must, of course, be consultation among the Allies. The suitable occasion for this would be the coming official Allied Conference in London, which ought for many reasons to be hastened. The German Chancellor, in a speech to the Main Committee of the Reichstag, used very similar language, cordial, but non-committal. He, too, must consult his Allies. He protested against the notion that the Central Empires inspired the Note. None the less, its general tenor corresponded with that of German policy since the peace offer of last December. In the subsequent debate, the speakers of the three-party coalition gave their warm support to the Pope's intervention. The most interesting feature of the debate was that the Chancellor undertook that he would not reply to the Note without first taking the Reichstag into his confidence. One cannot fail to contrast this promise with Mr. Balfour's defence last week of secret diplomacy. The Reichstag, through the confidential sessions of its Main Committee, has a much closer control over foreign policy than the House of Commons. Meanwhile, the Majority attacks the Chancellor for his "reserves" in interpreting its peace motion, dubs him a reactionary, and declares that it holds to the full meaning of its action. Clearly,

German Liberalism is still on the march, and will go on, if only our own Junkerism does not arrest it.

THE Labor Party has reaffirmed its decision to go to Stockholm, but by a majority so slender that it goes far to undo the effect of its previous demonstration. Given its extraordinary system of block voting, however, it is probable that the real majority for going is about half-way between the 3,000 of this week and the 1,296,000 of the former conference. The difference is accounted for mainly by the miners' vote. Though it was, in fact, almost evenly divided for and against, a bare majority against resulted in the solid transfer of the whole block of 600,000 votes. The reason for this change of attitude had apparently little to do with the merits of the question. It was an incident in the constant strife between the Trade Union element and the Independent Labor Party. The miners resented the idea that the I.L.P., which is, and has always been, separately affiliated to the International, should send its own delegates to Stockholm, in addition to those of the Labor Party, and the Conference as a whole decided that no separate representation of the three Socialist societies should be tolerated.

THE debate was stormy and very personal. Mr. Henderson made a dignified and effective reply to Mr. George's charges, dwelt on the anxiety of both official and unofficial Russia that the Conference should be a success, and concluded with the prediction that before the war closed some such Conference to secure a people's peace would be inevitable. He implored the Conference, however, not to break with the Government, and not to disown the Labor Ministers who remain in it. Mr. Smillie, after a strong speech, in which he denounced Mr. Barnes as a "blackleg" for taking Mr. Henderson's place, brought about the withdrawal of a Socialist motion recalling the Labor members from the Government, possibly on the ground that the party is not yet prepared to pass it. Three approximately equal tendencies were in evidence, the Socialist-Pacifist Left, the war-like Right, which goes with Mr. Hodge, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Havelock Wilson, and a balancing Centre, which Mr. Henderson represents. The suppression of the Socialist minority, which includes the best brains, and perhaps a third of the numerical strength of the party, seems to the outsider an act of extreme unwisdom. It may lead, as a similar course led in Germany, to the secession of the Minority. The French Socialists have preserved unity only by allowing their minority free speech and proportional representation.

TWO new facts have emerged this week which throw light on the strange history of the Stockholm Conference. One of them is Mr. Henderson's definite statement that Mr. George was last May decidedly in favor of the Conference. The other is the explanation by M. Terestchenko of the famous "Kerensky" telegram. It did not come from M. Kerensky at all, and it was (as we had guessed) an answer. It was "a short answer of a few words, sent by M. Terestchenko in reply to a question from London as to whether the Government would be in any way bound by the decision of the Labor Party at the Conference." The "question" came, of course (like the covering letter) from the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* in London. But evidently he did not ask it on his own initiative. "You are merely authorized to inform the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs . . ." So the telegram began. Clearly, then, it was our Government, or perhaps Mr. George personally, who at least inspired the telegram through M. Nabokoff. Thus Mr. Bonar Law's definite statement that our Government did not ask for the telegram turns out to be a mere evasion, even if it is formally true. Meanwhile, the news from Petrograd shows that Mr. George's misuse of M. Kerensky's name has exposed the Russian Premier to somewhat violent attacks from the Russian Socialists. He is suspected in Petrograd of double-dealing, while all the while the duplicity was in London. No wonder, as Mr. Thompson telegraphs to the "Daily Mail," M.

Kerensky, who "never was against Stockholm," is "furious at being misrepresented." Mr. George owes an *amende honorable* to M. Kerensky, and the only reparation which he can now make is to grant the passports.

* * *

By far the gravest revelation in Mr. Gerrard's diplomatic reminiscences was published in the "Daily Telegraph" of Monday. He reports a conversation with the late Chancellor in January, 1917, in which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg at last disclosed the German peace terms. Belgium was to be "restored," but Germany must keep large garrisons in Liège, Namur, and elsewhere, and retain possession of the railway lines and ports, with a general commercial control. Germany could not allow Belgium to become an outpost of England. Further, there must be some rectification of the French frontier, and substantial rectifications in the East. Bulgaria would deal with Roumania, and Austria with Serbia and Italy, and there must be indemnities from all countries. These are the terms foreshadowed by the "Journal de Genève," and also suggested in the columns of THE NATION. Of course they flatly contradict the assurances which Herr Scheidemann continually gave on the Chancellor's behalf. Even allowing for the inevitable margin for bargaining, the German Government cannot possibly have expected the Entente to confer on these terms. Did it try to seem more truculent than it really was, after its offer of peace had failed? If the Chancellor was manœuvring, he was suitably punished. These terms were probably the decisive factor in driving Mr. Wilson into unlimited participation in the war.

* * *

MR. MONTAGU's statement in the House of Commons last Monday advanced the course of India towards self-government some steps further. There is evidently an intention of meeting the common reproach that, while we are fighting for freedom and democracy all over Europe, we give little taste of either to India, Egypt, and Ireland. Mr. Montagu's definition of the immediate and ultimate objects should be remembered:—

"The policy of His Majesty's Government," he said, "with which the Government of India are in complete accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."

The wording is cautious enough, and all depends, not so much on the immediate reforms, as on the honorable endeavors of the Government of India to give them actual effect, not allowing them to be frustrated by official tradition, as has been too much the case with the Morley-Minto changes in the constitution. Something may be gained by Mr. Montagu's resolve to visit India himself during the winter. It is a new departure, and his personality is not likely to advance the success of his mission. But it has always appeared strange that the head of the India Office did not trouble to acquire a personal knowledge of the great Continent whose interests he was supposed to represent.

* * *

TEN German aeroplanes attacked the Kentish coast on Wednesday morning about ten o'clock, and were at once engaged by machines of the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service, as well as by the gunfire of the anti-aircraft guns. The squadron broke up, a small number going westward to Margate, and the rest south to Dover. At Margate the British aeroplanes were waiting for the raiders, and the anti-aircraft guns fired with such precision that two of the enemy machines were brought down. Each of them was of the large Gotha type, and a pilot was rescued from the wreckage of one which crashed into the sea. The raiders who visited Margate, after vainly manœuvring to escape from the fire of the guns, turned homeward. Another of the

enemy machines was shot down by Royal Naval Air Service machines near the coast, and it is certain that the occupants of the other aeroplanes must have suffered badly. Little damage was done by them, though at Ramsgate and Dover eleven people were killed and thirteen injured. Another squadron of twelve Gotha aeroplanes was met by three Royal Naval Air Service machines north of Nieuport, and chased into Zeebrugge, while ten British machines encountered the German force of twenty-five aeroplanes sent to cover the retreat from England, and brought five down. The preceding night a fleet of Zeppelins visited the Yorkshire coast; but it was driven off before it wrought any damage.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL has set up a Council, on the lines of the Army Council, for munitions. He is also about to establish an Advisory Trade Union Committee. This is an important step in the right direction. It means, we hope, that he is going to carry Labor with him in his administration, and that the day of forcing changes on the trade unions associated with the first Minister of Munitions is definitely over. When Parliament re-assembles after the recess, a number of important questions will come up for settlement. Mr. Churchill's promised Bill is to deal with the restoration of pre-war conditions, and Labor will certainly demand that compulsory arbitration and the suspension of trade-union customs shall be limited to the period of the war, and that effective penalties shall be established for the punishment of employers who fail to restore trade-union customs.

* * *

THE dispute on the railways has been settled; the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engine-drivers and Firemen having accepted an assurance from the President of the Board of Trade that Government control of the railways will continue for some time after the war, that the demand for an eight-hour day will then be considered sympathetically, and that immediate grievances will be considered at once. The men, it is well to point out, were not asking for an eight-hour day at once, but for an eight-hour day after the war, with overtime pay after eight hours during the war. The proposal to strike for these objects was denounced by Mr. J. H. Thomas, of the larger Railwaymen's Union; the N.U.R. were not concerned in it. The incident is significant, however, for if anything is certain about the future, it is that the demand for a shorter working day will be pressed in all industries and in all occupations.

* * *

THE Government have treated Parliament to a little comedy this week. In the Lords they put up the Duke of Marlborough to propose three amendments to the Corn Production Bill; one amendment was designed to destroy the value, such as it is, of the arrangement for securing a minimum wage. The Bill sets up a Central Wages Board, with advisory district wages committees. The Lords disliked this, because they want the Committees in the backward districts to have greater power over their own laborers, so they inverted the scheme, giving the district committees the initiative. They also introduced a contracting-out amendment, in place of the clause that obliges an employer to get a permit for employing a non-able-bodied man below the fixed rate. Finally, they proposed to introduce the right of appeal from the directions given by the Board of Appeal for increasing food production. When the House of Commons met on Monday, Mr. Prothero, who has become more than ever the mouthpiece of landlord and farmer, explained that he personally favored all these amendments, but that the Government had decided to invite the Commons to disagree with the first two, and accept the third. It is satisfactory to find that fear of the House of Commons does exercise some kind of restraint on the Government. But what is to be said of Ministers who try to introduce amendments in the Lords to make the partizan Bill still more favorable to the employers, and then run away from them in the Commons?

Politics and Affairs.

THE FACTS ABOUT STOCKHOLM.

FOR four months now, the Stockholm Conference has been announced, accepted, repudiated, prohibited, and continually postponed. At the end of August a "plenary" meeting of Socialist representatives from all belligerent countries seems more remote than it seemed at the end of April. Yet even if the meeting takes place, its results can hardly be as important as those already achieved by the Stockholm idea. It has stirred all the Socialist groups in Europe to activity, profoundly affected their relations to their respective Governments and to one another, and roused in Labor the ambition of exercising a direct influence over the final peace settlement.

The origins of the idea are obscure. The apparent initiative came from the Dutch leaders co-opted on to the Executive Committee of the International Socialist Bureau since the Germans invaded Belgium and the Bureau's headquarters were shifted from Brussels to The Hague. The enemies of the movement say that the Dutch were prompted by Germans—either by the Majority Socialists or the Government, or both in collusion. This unproven insinuation probably rests on no better evidence than the fact that both were originally favorable to the project—an attitude which has been considerably modified by the turn of events at Stockholm meanwhile. But the influences behind the Dutch invitation are in any case unimportant; for neither the Dutch nor the Danes—who can be charged more justly with subservience to the German Majority Group—had the prestige or capacity to take the lead. Since the first days of May, when the Dutch and Scandinavian leaders fused themselves at Stockholm into the Joint Standing Committee, the movement has been in the hands of two men, Branting the Swede, and the Belgian Huysmans.

Branting is more in Sweden than the leader of the Socialist Party. He stands for the whole leftward tendency which has been gathering force in anticipation of the approaching September elections. All the time that he has been working for the revival of the International, he has had to cope, too, with difficulties at home—not least with the Swedish "Young Socialists" who have broken off in a "Zimmerwaldian" direction, and have something in common with the Conservative Activists in their attitude towards the international situation.

Branting's conspicuous qualities are candor and strength of will. If accounts are true, the various national delegates who have already had interviews with him—and especially the German Majority Socialists—could testify to both. It is said that he only agreed to receive the German Majoritarians on condition that the Minority, too, should be allowed to come. In due course the Majority arrived, but without the Minority. The Majority pressed for an interview in the meantime. Branting would not parley till the condition was fulfilled. Finally the Majority delegates had to telegraph to the German Government requesting that passports for the Minority should be issued, after all, and they did not obtain their audience till their unwelcome Minority colleagues were safely landed on Swedish soil.

These preliminary interviews with separate national delegations, which took place in May and June, were probably Branting's idea. At any rate the invitations to them were issued a few days after the Joint Committee was formed at Stockholm under his presidency. The original invitation of the Dutch leaders to the various national fractions of the International had left the question of procedure vague, and the plan of separate audiences was obviously wiser than an immediate summons to belligerents to meet each other face to face. Each audience lasted two or more days, and at the end of it the delegation published a programme of its views, as they emerged after discussion with Branting's committee. These unreported discussions were more important than the published results. Often the delegates

said things to Branting which they could not venture to print, and sometimes he said things to them which they had no desire to repeat. His stormiest encounter was with the German Majority. It lasted, not two days, but ten; at one moment relations were in danger of being broken off, and what Scheidemann learnt from Branting must have prepared him for the reception which the German Majority programme met with everywhere outside the Central Empires. He is said to have learnt, for the first time, that there was a genuine moral condemnation of Germany in enemy countries, and that this was the driving force that made them continue the war.

By the end of June, Branting's Committee had interviewed half-a-dozen Socialist delegations: "Broad" Bulgarians, Finns, (German) Austrians, (Magyar) Hungarians, German Majoritarians, Tchechs, and the German Minority. All of them, except the Finns, were from the Central Empires, but the Tchechs and German Minoritarians represented the opposition; the Magyar Socialists, who have no seats in the Hungarian Parliament, spoke with a corresponding freedom, and between them the programmes probably give the whole gamut of present opinion among the parties of the Left.

On certain points the programmes generally agree. All except the Bulgarians are against annexations; all prefer to keep large political units with a certain autonomy to "breaking them up" into independent national States; there is a large demand for disarmament, compulsory arbitration by an International Tribunal, and an international standard of social legislation (the standard in Germany being at present higher than elsewhere); there is a unanimous protest against economic war after the war, and advocacy of the open door and of freedom of migration. But here the resemblances cease. When it comes to the definition of autonomy, the Austrians and the German Majority conceive it as "cultural" only. The smaller nationalities within the Central Empires are to have the free public use of their language and religion, but are not to form self-governing political units within the larger State. The Austrian programme takes the offensive on this ground, and declares that free access to raw materials and Colonial areas is more essential for permanent peace than the "liberation of small nations." The Tchechs and the German Minority, on the other hand, propose autonomy in a generous political sense, and would transform Austria-Hungary, for example, into a free federation of national States.

The fact is that all these programmes have a common foundation in the formula of the Petrograd Soviet: "No annexations or indemnities, but self-determination of nationalities." The difference is one of interpretation, and the extremes are represented in the programmes of the two German groups. The Majority insist rigidly on the first clause. They allow self-determination only to nations which have lost or gained independence through the military operations of the war—Belgium on the one hand, and Russian Poland on the other. They recommend it platonically for a number of countries, from Ireland to Korea, which are subject to the Entente. They have nothing to say about subject nationalities within their own frontiers. The Minority say that material reparation to Belgium is totally distinct from an indemnity, and that Germany is pledged to it already by Bethmann-Hollweg's famous admission; that a *plébiscite* is the only solution for the question of Alsace-Lorraine; and that if political self-determination is right for Russian Poland, it is right for Prussian and Austrian Poland also.

This series of separate interviews at Stockholm has thus led to a considerable ventilation of ideas, and if Branting is the dominant figure, the credit for the practical organization belongs to Camille Huysmans. Since his sojourn at Stockholm, M. Huysmans has been subjected to any amount of contradictory abuse: "An outrageous pro-Ally!"—"An outrageous pro-German!"—"An impossible doctrinaire!" But a socialist (from an Allied country) who has watched him at work, has given what is obviously the true account. Huysmans is not only a Belgian by nationality; he feels his country's

sufferings intensely, and is as eager as any of his countrymen for the invaders to be driven out. As is well known, he worked in Belgium many months for the Committee of Relief. But he has deliberately effaced his personal feelings for the sake of the International, for the International can only be saved by someone who places its interests first, and he, as general secretary of the central executive for a long period before the war, is best qualified to carry it through the crisis. With all his self-effacement (or perhaps in reaction from it), he is as plain-spoken as Branting, with the difference, apparently, that, while people take home-truths from Branting lying down, when they hear them from Huysmans they complain. Hence the halo of recrimination that floats around his head.

But one may fairly question what Branting's genius and Huysmans's devotion would have achieved without the elemental force that has flowed from Russia. The Petrograd Soviet were at times the Stockholm Committee's worst embarrassment. They were arrogant, erratic, impossible. They were the most ardent advocates of the Conference, but they had sent no delegation to it up to the end of May. On June 2nd the Stockholm Committee telegraphed to them to come, to which they replied on June 4th by issuing an invitation of their own to all the Socialist Parties and Trades Union Federations of the world. In this document the Soviet ignored the actual proceedings at Stockholm; they proposed the termination of the party truce in all belligerent countries as the main agenda for their own Conference; and they declared that their invitation imposed on those who accepted it the obligation of "carrying out unflinchingly the decisions at which the Conference arrives." This manifesto exploded like a bomb. MM. Vandervelde, Henderson, and Thomas, who were in Petrograd at the time, published an expostulation next day, and yet Mr. Henderson has returned to England to urge acceptance of the Russian invitation on the majority of his party, and M. Thomas, for his opposition to it, has nearly been requested by the French Socialists to resign his seat in the French Government. What is the secret of the Russians' compelling power? The prestige of a revolution actually achieved; the moral strength of men who practise their principles when they have come into power; the formidable probability that they will stick at nothing if their efforts to put principles into practice are crossed? Whatever it is, it has been titanic in its effects. The enigmatic peace-formula of the Soviet awoke the Socialists of the Central Empires, and brought their differences to a head. Their impossible invitation has practically reconciled Majority and Minority in one country, at least, of the Western Allies. The extravagances have been discarded, but the appeal has gone home.

The preliminary conferences at Stockholm were adjourned on June 26th. In the first days of July five delegates from the Soviet arrived. They united with the Scandinavian Committee, as the Dutch had done before, and on July 13th a new joint invitation was issued. This time it was to a plenary conference, and here the second phase of the Stockholm movement begins. In this document the "binding" clause appeared again, but Branting had struggled against it, and it was somewhat modified in form. It was watered down still further when the Russians met representatives of the French and British Majority and Minority in Paris at the end of July; it was expressly ruled out by the British Labor Party on August 10th, and since then it has fallen into the background. The crucial point of procedure is now the stipulation made by the French that the question of responsibility for the war must be the first item on the agenda when the "plenary" conference meets. The German Government is reported to have answered this challenge by announcing that it will refuse passports to German Socialists for a conference on these terms; and if this is true, it is a virtual admission that, on a fair field, the German Majority Socialists can put up no defence against the case of the Allies and of their own Minority. But as things stand now, this case may not be argued at Stockholm. For the Governments of the Western Allies have refused to issue passports, and even if these Governments change their

minds, there remains another obstacle in the way—the tyrannical action of the British Majority in denying representation to their comrades of the Minority group. In June, when the German Majority tried to elbow their Minority off the field, Branting refused to receive them. Could he have taken a different line towards the British Majority in September? There is an ironical possibility that the War Cabinet's veto may have saved Majoritarian British Labor from a not unmerited slap in the face.

THE STRATEGY OF THE OFFENSIVE.

If we are to trust the German *communiqués*, the Allied offensive in the West is the most inept attempt we have yet made to deal with the situation. "Massed formation" is the general scheme of attack at present, and we are told that the Allies are using it in continual assaults up and down the front, and all to no purpose. A craterfield or an insignificant position held only by patrols is all that falls to us after "reckless" sacrifices. At some parts of the line we are reported to have attacked in force over and over again, and to have gained not a yard, in spite of heavy loss. It is impossible to read these reports without wondering a little whether the Allies are actually attacking so continually with grandiose objectives, only to fail with the same consistency. There are some critics who are already beginning to scout the idea of the limited objective, and to adopt the German standard of measurement. There is a superficial similarity between the German offensive at Verdun with its rhythmical assaults and the limited offensives of the Allies, and it may be asked why Verdun is called a defeat if we are not to call the present Allied attacks at various parts of the line defeats.

The answer to such a question is that the Germans announced their objective. Indeed, they issued reports which once or twice seemed to suggest that practically all but the name of Verdun had been captured. On the other hand, we have a striking admission in the account of the recent Battle of Messines Ridge, issued from German Headquarters. "It is no use," it runs, "to deny the enemy's success. Nor can it be diminished by attributing to him intentions of breaking through, for which the number of divisions employed was obviously not calculated." What, then, becomes of this old stand-by of the German Staff, that we "did not break through"? It can hardly be encouraging to the German people to suggest that the Allies *are*, in fact, achieving very much what they desire to achieve. Nor can the Staff hope to retain civilian confidence if they continue to pursue this unwonted frankness, and to suggest that the Allied objectives "seemed to be" this or that. Indeed, the Germans seem to be losing their nerve a little, and it is impossible that they can hope to rely on the theory that we are constantly making heavy attacks all over the front and achieving no success. The most recent explanation is that our objective is the destruction of their fighting force. In the *communiqué* dealing with the last attack at Verdun, the Germans say that the French "could not break the German fighting force." But if it was stupid to expect people to believe that the Allies were attempting to break through in each of their local offensives, it is ridiculous to represent them as trying to break the German fighting force by a local attack. When any army has the effective strength of the Germans, it cannot be broken except by blows frequently repeated at every part of the front, though it is certain that at some one point the resistance will at length falter and fail.

Yet the Germans are right in holding that the heavy assaults which the Allies are delivering have beyond their local aim the production of a state of tension under which the fighting force will at last be broken. The reports of frequent attacks may be made in good faith by the local command; but if so they witness to a state of nervousness that is very striking. The Allied bombardment is subtly and skilfully directed, and the offensives which give us definite positions and numbers of prisoners are merely the culminations of a process that

is persistently carrying out its deadly purpose. The bombardment frequently follows the exact course of an assault. There is the long drawn-out preparation, the drum-fire, and the lifting barrage. At this point the Germans signal for answering barrage. It is delivered with as much force and deliberation as possible. There is no trace of the Allied infantry, and hence the local command may infer that the attack has been launched and broken. On the other hand, a recent advance at Lens was only preceded by a short but severe bombardment. The results of these tactics are not hard to understand. Little by little the enemy is reduced to a state of complete bewilderment. However cool the Staff may keep under such treatment, the troops actually involved will and must look forward to attack each time the process is repeated. If they do not, they are in danger of giving way when the assault is actually launched. We know how the Germans suffered during the Battle of the Somme. At that time one or two candid correspondents described in some detail the sufferings of the troops. There is little of this at present; but the sufferings must be worse. The new tactic of holding the advanced positions thinly economizes men, but it cannot economize *moral*. Where a crater or concrete fort is held by a mere handful of men cut off from support and subjected to a rain of shells of heaviest calibre, to heavy gases that enter every loophole, and to jets of boiling oil, the strain must become almost unbearable. It is amazing that such surrenders as occurred at Verdun before the attack are not more frequent.

Into this general scheme the offensives fit as the natural culminations of the Allied pressure. The enemy resistance is being hammered continually, and these heavy assaults test, by sudden and supreme blows, how far the weakness has gone, while at the same time they inflict a lasting wound on the defensive. Between Dixmude and Verdun there are but few parts of the line which have been held longer than five months. The increased bitterness and severity of the struggle, especially in Flanders, are facts of high significance. The Somme offensive opened on July 1st last year. In four months the German Staff knew that they could not maintain their line except at a prohibitive cost and the risk of a *débâcle*. They were able to withdraw in that area and even to gain some advantages from the withdrawal. But in Flanders they cannot withdraw without finally abandoning all claims to victory, and without abandoning the hopes stimulated by the submarine campaign. Under the circumstances, they must stake all on holding on to their present positions. How long they can maintain their defensive we cannot say. It is unnecessary to point out that the German troops are resisting wonderfully well. But the evidence of the last few days points to certain conclusions.

At Verdun the French have again won a striking success, carrying their line forward at points almost to the positions they held before the Crown Prince and von Haeseler opened their attack in February, 1916. They have captured over 6,000 unwounded prisoners and 500 wounded. They have inflicted a heavy blow on the enemy, and the fact that they even secured a corps commander testifies to the completeness of their success. At the same time, the Canadians carried a step further the Allied plan to encircle Lens. They met the Germans advancing to attack, and a fierce struggle took place under circumstances which necessarily told in our favor. On the Isonzo Front the Italians have struck another heavy blow, capturing over 13,000 prisoners, and carrying their line well forward on the coast sector. Each of these blows is part of the Allied plan to break the German fighting force. If they had been accompanied by an offensive on the other fronts, it is almost impossible that the enemy should have maintained his resistance. Interior lines give him a certain power to use the same troops for a double *rôle*, while the blows on different sectors of the line are not simultaneous. But the advantage is of less value now than ever. Men cannot be removed from the front or reserve at Verdun to Flanders in less than a few days. The German transport is not the perfect instrument it was eighteen months ago. The Allied pressure is being applied scientifically, and it cannot be evaded.

THE WORLD OF LABOR.

THE crisis in the railway industry is over, but if the Government treat it as a transient trouble it will be followed by other crises of a similar kind. That such a crisis should be possible reflects no credit upon us. What is wrong with our society is that the governing class cannot yet adapt itself to a new situation, and the working classes are full of mistrust because they think the Government is actually using the difficulties created by the war to depress their power and prejudice their prospects. The Government still lives in the atmosphere of pre-war politics, judging everything by the standards of the day when the most modest advance towards democracy was treated as an epoch-making measure. In the working classes there is a new spirit, produced partly by the revolution that the war has brought into their lives and homes, partly by the influence of the Russian Revolution. In this way the war, which might be the teacher of a new unity, may actually widen the gulf that separates the governing class from the mass of the nation. For the workman has stepped into a new world, and the governing class cannot keep up with him.

The recent reports of the Commission on Industrial Unrest provided a comprehensive picture of the state of mind of the industrial classes. War weariness is not confined to any class or any nation, but a Government that has imagination will do its best to combat that depressing influence by keeping the ideals and objects of the war before the nation from which such appalling sacrifices are demanded. Nothing illustrates more clearly the incapacity of the Government to understand democracy than its neglect of this obvious duty. But there is much more than war-weariness in the present discontents. There is a deep and a growing suspicion that the ideas of the ruling world and of the Labor world are coming into sharper conflict, and that every measure taken by the Government nominally for the prosecution of the war with Germany must be watched jealously as a manœuvre that is connected with the war of classes. From one point of view, it is true, Labor has been recognized in this war as at no other time. If we look at the coal industry, the cotton industry, the woollen industry, we find Committees on which Labor is represented dealing with the general questions that concern the whole industry. This is an important advance. Without the co-operation of the trade unions in this responsible form, the war could not have been carried on for three years. If the principle had been carried further on the railways and in munitions, there would have been less friction and less trouble during those anxious years. Mr. Churchill, we hope and believe, recognizes this truth, and a more democratic spirit is to be introduced into his department.

It is universally admitted that the trade unions have made to this appeal for their co-operation a generous and ungrudging response. Mr. Asquith's fine tribute in the House of Commons last week did no more than justice to their patriotism and their sacrifices. But this spectacle is in itself a danger, for it makes some people blind and indifferent to the causes that are steadily alienating the confidence and the sympathy of the working-classes. Roughly speaking, we may say that the war, with its vast disturbance of life, custom, prejudice, and established habits of thought, has produced in the working-classes a new demand for freedom and self-determination. Two things have happened to the ordinary workman. His life has been shaken out of its setting by the event of war, and, in addition, new restrictions have been put on his freedom as part of the business of conducting the war. Some millions of men have exposed themselves to the risk of death, injury, and disease for the sake of their country. We talk eloquently about this sacrifice, but do we realize exactly what it means? For the men who make it, life assumes a new value, a new significance. They had been accustomed to accept the conditions imposed on them by the industrial system without too much grumbling. There was much they disliked in those conditions; they had not very much leisure: free in name, they found themselves subject to a good deal of practical compulsion—in general,

they seemed to exist in society, not as men with their own lives to lead, but as part of a great industrial system. Before the war, a minority of reflecting workmen were profoundly dissatisfied with this general scheme; but human nature is conservative, and custom is strong and powerful. What has happened during the war has been an immense increase of this sense of revolt. The rough school of the trenches, with its sharp presentation of the realities of life, has taught men to expect something more. The Russian Revolution has spread this sense among the working-classes at home, and it is generally agreed by observers who know what is happening, that the Shop Steward movement represents a revolt of idealism against the practical, compromising, "statesmanlike" methods of the older leaders.

It is this that makes it so dangerous to have Labor represented in the Government at this moment. The Government is associated in the mind of the working class with the anti-democratic ideas of its Tory members and the quarrel of Mr. Lloyd George with the trade unions. The effect of putting a Labor member into the Government is to give a dangerous confidence to the governing classes who suppose that it implies some more or less effective co-operation with Labor. In fact, it means that certain trade-union leaders become branded in the eyes of Labor as the accomplices of the men they suspect, and the bitterness with which they regard the Government is only intensified. It might be supposed that the workman who is anxious about his trade-union rights would be reassured by reflecting that Mr. Barnes is in the Cabinet, and that other trade-union leaders are Ministers. No such thing. The only effect is to make them distrust Mr. Barnes and his colleagues, who under the arrangements of the Parliamentary system have to give their votes on many occasions in opposition to the workmen's wishes. The general mistrust of the old-fashioned leader is thus aggravated, and the younger men with new and more stimulating ideas increase their influence. For the Labor Ministers are associated with restrictive measures, with the defence of Profiteering, with all those features of the Capitalist system against which the workman is in revolt.

There is one important truth that the ruling class has not yet appreciated. The working classes will not accept after the war the kind of life they tolerated before the war. At present there is a great deal of talk about unity and the mutual understanding of classes after this terrible ordeal, but many who talk like this appear to think that the one test of successful reconstruction is to be the test of output. Industrial councils and other reforms are recommended as likely to improve production. This kind of language creeps into discussions of all kinds, Education Bills, Corn Production Bills, and a hundred others. It is used by politicians of all schools, including, of course, Labor Ministers. But it is a fatal bar to the amity of classes, for it reads to the working classes as a challenge. For the men and women who have toiled in the trench or at the lathe, the test of successful reconstruction is to be found, not in volume of output, but in quality of life, not in industrial production, but in the opportunities of leisure, happiness, and freedom that are thrown open to the mass of the nation. It is not the engine-driver alone who is resolved to keep something of the daylight for his own life. The same demand will be made in every industry. There is no indication in the debates in Parliament that the ruling class has learnt to apply this new standard, and to judge by the measures submitted, the atmosphere in the House of Commons has not been changed with the atmosphere of the workshop and the trench. This it is that makes national unity so difficult of achievement, and encourages the kind of class conflict that becomes revolution.

INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

MR. MONTAGU's decision to go to India, and to go this winter, doubles the political significance of his appointment. Everyone in India realized, when his nomination followed his unofficial plea for prompt and sweeping reform, that he has entered office with a great ambition,

It was no less clear that the Prime Minister means (for the moment) to support him. But Indians might soon have forgotten that a Minister was working in their interest in the silence of his office, surrounded by bureaucrats, in distant London. While he is among them he will not merely have the advantage of hearing the opinions of every section of Indian society; his mere presence will keep hope alive, and so ensure that his scheme when it appears will not be disclosed in an atmosphere of embitterment. Better an indifferent scheme which finds a people predisposed to make the best of it, than an ideal scheme which has to make its way against suspicion and ill-will. Mr. Montagu will have to make the atmosphere as well as the scheme. His first actions show that he understands this necessity.

To concede an officer's status to Indian soldiers is the kind of reform which instantly affects the sentiments, as it raises the status of a subject population. To abolish every form of the color-bar is, to our thinking, more urgent and more important than to plan the wisest political reforms, or to make large economic concessions. The number of young Indians who are eager to become officers may not be large, but the knowledge that no Indian was thought worthy of this position was a degradation which every Indian felt. It was a badge of inferiority, and a sign of distrust. Mr. Montagu has already swept away this color-bar in principle, and he has at once conferred commissioned rank on nine soldiers of distinction. It is a good beginning and a proof of political sagacity. When Mr. Montagu goes on to work out a permanent plan for the selection and training of Indian officers, we trust that he will not listen to those who are trying already to make the concession nugatory by urging that it shall be confined to Indians of noble family whose intellectual equipment is admittedly too slender to promise success in a competitive examination. That plan would make an inefficient Army, and it would advertise once more the rooted Anglo-Indian distrust of the educated class. This first act will do something to make an atmosphere favorable to a friendly reception of Mr. Montagu's scheme when it comes. We would urgently call his attention to another matter of even greater importance—the internment of Mrs. Besant and her associates. Her offence was that by speech and pen she advocated the prompt realization of the ideal of Indian Home Rule. No sane man suggests that there was anything seditious or anything approaching a propaganda of violence in her agitation, and her publications have throughout the war adopted an actively patriotic attitude. It is hard for the average Indian to understand that the Home Government is in earnest with a Liberal policy, while the Madras Government is allowed to confine the most conspicuous English advocate of autonomy.

Mr. Gokhale's death in the early months of the war was a heavy loss to India and the Empire. Gifted with intellect and eloquence which would have fitted him for any citizen's position in the Empire, not excluding the first, he combined a religious idealism and devotion characteristically Indian, with a sense for immediate practical realities that we are accustomed to regard as English. The political testament which he left behind him is a document so moderate and so sagacious, that one realizes with difficulty that it is the work of a saint and devotee who founded the monastic order of the Servants of India. This scheme will inevitably be the foundation of the constructive work that must be done to-day. It will not be treated, we hope, as practical statesmen incline to treat the projects of reformers. It was not Mr. Gokhale's way to ask for much in the hope of getting something. He was no maximalist in politics. What he proposed is realizable now, and it must be regarded not as the outline of a dream, but as the framework for reality. Moderate as it is, it does, in two specific ways, insure the reality of Indian self-government. In India itself, its key is decentralization. It makes the provinces (subject to certain safeguards, and the reservation of certain all-Indian affairs) autonomous, and organizes the vast Indian Peninsula on a simple federative plan. At the same time, it goes a long way towards making the relations between India and the United Kingdom

approximately those which obtain between the United Kingdom and the colonies. It makes the present "Empire" of India, which is, in fact, a Dependency of the Home country, something not remotely unlike a "Dominion" with its subordinate States.

The caution of the scheme is apparent when we consider the large powers which it still concedes to the Indian bureaucracy. If Delhi becomes much less dependent on London, and Bengal and Bombay much less dependent on Delhi, the reality of control and executive power are still left in Anglo-Indian hands. Within India itself, the change is comparable with a transition from Russian autocracy to German bureaucracy. The big advance, from the Nationalist standpoint, is not at the centre, but in the provinces. In each of these Mr. Gokhale would set up an autonomous administration, with a Ministry which stands towards the provincial council somewhat as the German Chancellor and his colleagues stand towards the Reichstag. The Governor is to be an Englishman from home. The Ministry of six is to include three English and three Indian members. They are not "responsible" to the Council, but the Council has none the less the power to refuse new taxation, and to amend or reject new legislation—subject, however, to the Governor's veto. Unlike the Reichstag, the Council is to contain a nominated element of one-fifth, and, again, unlike the Reichstag, it is to rest not on direct manhood suffrage, but on indirect election by local councils, municipalities, and associations representing special interests or creeds. We shall await with some amusement the comments of those who, while they repeat daily that Germany groans under mere autocracy, will none the less find this scheme wildly revolutionary. The truth is that it is not even cautiously democratic. It marks, however, an immense advance, and for the first time it will give to representatives of the Indian people a real, though guarded, power. It leaves the control of administration in the hands of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, but it does give to Indians the means, not merely of self-expression, but, up to a point, of self-assertion. The ability to refuse new taxes is not enough to enable a hostile majority to paralyze the administration, but it is enough to make the Executive anxious to secure its goodwill. In a mixed Indian community of several races and creeds, it would not be easy to obtain by combination a majority (against the nominated fifth) for any incendiary or dangerous policy. Less than this can hardly be conceded, if the new scheme is to make a real beginning in the self-government of India.

"Self-government" is a bold word to use when one calls to mind the long tradition of our rule in India. Even Lord Morley, honestly facing facts, said that we held it with the sword, as we won it with the sword. With great skill Mr. Gokhale has devised a plan which does concede to Indians some real power over the ordering of their own lives, without requiring of us that we shall drop the sword from our hands. While the Central Government devolves large powers to the Provincial Governments, it retains for itself the whole control of the Army, of foreign policy, and of communications. That is a complete safeguard, if we are considering the safety of our tenure. In the Viceroy's Council, or Cabinet, Mr. Gokhale does not propose that there shall be more than two Indian members out of six. On the Viceroy's Council he reassures Conservative opinion by conceding an official or nominated majority. Not only are the Viceroy and the higher bureaucracy thus left in full control of the services on which the safety of India depends; they are empowered in grave emergencies to legislate for any Province over the head of its Provincial Council. That provision reduces to very narrow dimensions the autonomy of the provinces. This reserve power, as Mr. Gokhale put it, ought certainly to "give a sense of security to the authorities": it might even dispose them to regard the elected provincial councils as almost negligible bodies. This is not German but Russian bureaucracy, and it recalls the provision which allowed the Russian Government to pass "emergency" legislation of its own motion when the Duma was not sitting. If this over-riding power is permitted to the

Viceroy and his council, there ought, one thinks, to be some safeguards—a two-thirds majority of the council, for example, and if it extends to legislation, it ought not to include taxation. In these safeguards, it seems to us, Mr. Gokhale has gone to the extreme of caution. Mr. Montagu's task will certainly not be to invent further checks and re-insurances, but rather to invest the scheme with the appearance of a real and generous concession.

THE LABOR PARTY CONFERENCE.

THE net result of Tuesday's adjourned Conference of the Labor Party is somewhat perplexing. The Conference, by one of the narrowest majorities on record, has reaffirmed the determination to send delegates to Stockholm; but, by its subsequent decisions, it has succeeded in putting new obstacles in the way of the holding of the International Conference. By 1,234 votes to 1,231 votes, it has decided to send delegates; but by 1,538 to 789 it has denied any kind of representation to the other bodies which, together with it, form the British section of the Socialist International.

Whatever may have been the motives behind these decisions, the effect is curious in the extreme. The Socialist bodies formed the International, and the Labor Party, which is not strictly Socialist, was only admitted subsequently by a special vote. Under the standing orders of the International, there is not a shadow of doubt that the various bodies affiliated are entitled to separate representation. The Labor Party, then, in determining that they shall not be represented, has taken a course of action which it has, constitutionally speaking, no power or right to take. It is therefore hardly surprising that the Socialist bodies flatly refuse to be bound by its decision, and state categorically their intention of sending their own delegates to Stockholm. The questions that are still unanswered are, first, whether the Socialist representatives will secure passports, even if they are granted to the representatives of the Labor Party; and, secondly, whether the Labor Party will withdraw from the Conference if the Socialist bodies attend.

In this connection, the attitude of the International itself must be considered, and it seems likely that both the organizing committee of the Stockholm Conference and the delegates at next week's Inter-Allied Socialist Conference will declare strongly in favor of allowing the Socialist delegates to attend at Stockholm. Their right under the constitution is indisputable, and minorities in other countries are securing representation. Moreover, it is one of the explicitly declared principles of the Conference that minorities shall be represented as well as majorities; and the adoption of the Labor Party's attitude in other countries would, for instance, have the disastrous effect of ruling out the German minority.

For the moment, however, the Labor Party decisions hold the field, and it is very necessary, if we are to understand the course of events, that we should try to penetrate the motives which prompted them. It cannot be said that they emerged at all clearly from the actual discussions, which, indeed, were, on the whole, singularly perfunctory, practically the whole of the delegates having made up their minds in advance. The day's proceedings opened with a long, but clear and well-knit, statement by Mr. Henderson. Mr. Henderson explained his attitude of last week, retorted upon Mr. Lloyd George, and altogether made it perfectly plain to the vast majority of the Conference that he was in the fight. Incidentally, in the course of his speech he made categorically the statement that "the Prime Minister himself was once in favor of the Stockholm Conference," and his account of the incident of the message which Mr. Lloyd George wished him to read to the Conference left no doubt that what he was asked to read was an incomplete and garbled version—part of a message of which he would have been only too glad to read the whole.

During Mr. Henderson's statement, as, indeed, throughout the proceedings, except for one hectic moment when the result of the main vote was announced, the Conference was in appearance sombre and tired, if not dull. It was not a body of men burning with passion on

either side: it gave the impression of being rather weary of the whole business, though there was no doubt that it was with Mr. Henderson and against Mr. Lloyd George on the personal issue.

The first resolution, reaffirming last week's decision, was moved by Mr. Hutchinson and seconded by Mr. Ben Turner. Mr. Hutchinson is not an orator; but his speech put the case for the Executive well and clearly. Then came an amendment from the British Socialist Party demanding the withdrawal of the Labor representatives from the Government. This brought up Mr. Smillie, who successfully entreated the B.S.P. to withdraw an ill-advised amendment against which most of the delegates would be forced to vote owing to the absence of instructions. Mr. Smillie certainly hit out clean and hard. He expressed himself strongly against the Coalition, and he did not hesitate to use the term "blackleg" in connection with the taking by Mr. G. N. Barnes of Mr. Henderson's place in the War Cabinet. Mr. Smillie had, as usual, a great reception, and there was no doubt that he carried a very large proportion of the delegates with him in what he said.

This proportion was probably increased by the quite extraordinarily weak speech drawn from Mr. Barnes in reply. It was the speech of a perfectly honest man, as everyone knows Mr. Barnes to be; but it was a speech which is likely to prejudice very greatly Mr. Barnes's position in the Labor movement. "Profiteers!" said someone, and Mr. Barnes swept the word away as mere phraseology. In short, he gave the Conference the impression that his perfectly sincere belief in war to the end would carry him to any length in his support of the Government, and he made it pretty clear that if he had to choose between Labor and the Government, as Mr. Henderson had to choose last week, he would make the opposite choice.

The other speeches call for no remark. The Stockholm resolution carried, the Conference proceeded to the resolution dealing with the basis of representation, and after a very perfunctory discussion came to the decision which has been already recorded. This brings me to the fundamental question of motives.

Why is the majority for Stockholm so much smaller than before? And why will not the Conference let the Socialist bodies be represented?

Superficially, the answer to the first question is perfectly simple. The 600 votes of the miners were transferred bodily to the opposite side, while the National Union of General Workers, who divided their vote on the first occasion, cast the whole of their 188 votes against. But why did these things happen?

Primarily, I believe, because the Conference found that the minority intended to go to Stockholm and state their own point of view. Quite a number of delegates put the case thus. The minority, that is primarily the Independent Labor Party, come to the Labor Party Conference, state their position, and endeavor to influence the votes. They then refuse to be bound by the decision of the majority, and insist on taking independent action through their own organization. This is held to be unfair, and some of the trade unions are driven by their opposition to the I.L.P. into opposition to the whole Stockholm project. Thus, it is said that the vote of the Miners' Federation swung round, not at all on the issue of Henderson *versus* Lloyd George or on the Stockholm issue itself, but mainly, if not entirely, on the question of I.L.P. representation.

Mr. Lloyd George, then, must not take comfort from the big drop in the majority for Stockholm. No one who was at the Conference could, even for a moment, mistake it for a growth of confidence in Mr. Lloyd George and the Government. The Conference was both anti-governmental and anti-I.L.P., and its verdict, with the narrow majority, probably represents the state of feeling in the Labor movement with a nearer approach to accuracy than last week. I am inclined to think that a more considered decision made in an atmosphere in which the question of the I.L.P. does not directly arise, will very considerably increase the majority in favor of going to Stockholm; and I have no doubt at all that, were the facts of the situation better understood, a very big majority could be secured. Of this, however, it is not

easy to speak, and before reaching any final conclusion, observers will be wise to await the meeting of the Trades Union Congress in the first week of September. There the whole question will be thrashed out again, and it is to be hoped that by then some settlement on the question of minority representation will have been arrived at. In France, where differences between majority and minority have cut very deep, the question has been amicably settled, and a settlement of it here is surely not past the power of British democracy.

The decision of the Conference includes a request to the Government to reconsider its attitude on the question of passports. It is perhaps not likely to do so immediately as a result of the very narrow majority secured; but the Government will do well to heed the signs of the times. The tide in the Labor world is setting towards Stockholm; and, if not to-morrow, then the next day or the day after, it will sweep away the barriers that are in its path, whether they be barriers of its own raising, or whether they be Governments that have lost the confidence of the people they are supposed to represent.

A DELEGATE.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE affair of the Petrograd messages grows worse and worse. An important article in the "Daily News" states, I believe with truth, that though only one such despatch was published, a second, coming, I suppose, through M. Thomas, was shown to members of the Press, with the Prime Minister's sanction, as evidence of Mr. Henderson's bad faith. This missive, or missile, contained an assurance that the Russian Government did not want the Stockholm Conference to sit. The suggestion was utterly unfounded. But even if it were true, it conveyed nothing to Mr. Henderson's prejudice, for he did not know of it till after the London Conference had ceased to sit. He now emerges in triumph from the toils set for his feet. He was right about the Petrograd feeling, and Mr. George was wrong. He did all that it was necessary or wise to do in order to convey to his party the full impression of all the information that the Government had in their possession when he spoke. Such as it was, the Petrograd news told its own tale to any fair-minded and tolerably informed person. Mr. George misread it, gave an utterly unfounded account of it to Parliament and the Press, and then based on his own inaccuracy a gross charge of ill-conduct against his colleague. The Press campaign against Mr. Henderson was a bad thing in itself. But it was also a weapon of slander. What, then, is to be Mr. Henderson's remedy and amends?

CONSIDER this use of the newspapers to upset and discredit a member of the Cabinet. It has compromised our relations with an ally, and driven him into saying that he had been completely misunderstood by a friendly Government. He has said so as politely as he could, but it is obvious that the Petrograd Press has been more candid, and has suggested that the wish to make M. Kerensky say one thing when he meant another was father to that singularly unhappy thought. All this is deplorable enough—symptomatic of the moral lightness, want of loyalty and straightforwardness, confusion, touch-and-go method—the signs and suggestions of government by *camarilla* rather than by Cabinet—which characterize the George Administration. But this general employment of the Northcliffe papers to destroy colleagues from without by means of knowledge acquired from within, is so sinister because there seems no cure for it but to brand it for what it is—an abuse of power. Think of how the Press is handled! All news is so treated as to impress on the public the view of the war which the Government desires to see current. There is, indeed, an affectation of candor. The veil is lifted so as to show just enough of the picture it conceals to give the impression that the illusionist

requires. But when a change of *personnel* is found convenient, the stage is flooded with light. The most secret things come out, or are so hinted at that the victims guess that the knowledge of them has gone forth. This was the way in which the stroke was levelled at Mr. Asquith and his Liberal (and moderate) colleagues. Under this practice, the Press becomes a Janissaries' hand of the reigning Sultan. It strikes when it is told, and is silent when no commands are passed to it.

THE use of statistics seems to be also open to criticism. It will be true enough, for example, to tell us what additions to our stock of home-grown food we are going to get when we have grown it. Good farmers are not impressed with the fruits of the hasty conversion of pasture into arable land. But what is the use of multiplying the possibilities? Mr. George speaks of an addition of three or four million tons of food in the shape of wheat. This is at the rate of three or four tons an acre. But 37 bushels of wheat per acre, or one ton, are, I imagine, a very good average. Where is the rest to come from? Or take the easy calculation thrown out to the French journalists of an output from our shipping yards of four million tons in a single year. I should like to think this a verifiable forecast, even if it be judged a relevant one. But, after all, figures are something to be studied in some kind of orderly relation to each other, not flung at our heads, singly, as if they were hand-grenades. If, for example, we get the total tonnage of German sinkings week by week, we shall know where we stand; and we can then estimate their bearing on the fortunes of the campaign. But it is childish to parade the good month, or even the good week; or if it is not childish, it is merely an example of uncandid intention.

AWAY from London, I find the remoter country weary of the war, not with the merely tired and enervated feeling of the clubman, on whom its imaginative delights have begun to pall, but with the human feeling of its immense cruelty and waste. Suffering is everywhere. Nearly every family has its tale to tell. But, again, with the mass of the people sorrow is not weighted with the passion of revenge. Their idea of peace has, I am convinced, a simpler and nobler content. They want to see the world settled again, their dear ones restored, either for work, or for their tending, and the nations make up their quarrels, the cause of which, indeed, these humble souls never pretended to understand. The statesmanship that looks to such a peace of reconciliation is the only rational leading they will appreciate. They will not demonstrate—yet. But their minds and wills are being formed. They do not look to any deliverer. Mr. George, for example, is a mere name to them, to many—probably to most—an utterly unwelcome name. They associate Government with the harshness of the military power which shadows their lives, and under which their little liberties shrink to a still smaller measure, and for the present they submit. But their voice is for peace.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—A famous comedian on a London music-hall stage essayed a joke at the expense of a visit to Stockholm. Result: complete failure. He tried a second jest against the Conscientious Objector. Same reception.

TO THE GANNEL.

SWEET stream, whose silver pools now girdled lie
By their bright, ridged sands, while, barely flowing,
The little heart that is thy current steals
To the salt tide, to feed its mighty growing.
Anon, the brimming Ocean stores his wealth
To fill thy flower-wreath'd cup, and thus repaying
The tiny largess of thy summer rills,
Flings out his purple flood for thy arraying.
Now rolls a Thames, a Severn, 'neath thy trees,
Till, with the hour, thou quitt'st this gorgeous seeming,
And swift returnest to thy humble state,
Thou to thy rills, and Ocean to his teeming.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DIPLOMATIC MYSTERY.

THERE is no living artist in words who could do full justice to the delicate qualities of Mr. Balfour's performance in Parliament last week. Among the great dead there is no one save George Meredith, or, perhaps, Henry James at his best, who might have risen to the theme. We should not ourselves dare even to attempt the crudest sketch of one of the most thrilling scenes in history. The appeal of this scene to our imagination lies in violent contrasts. Your rough journeyman painter would overstate them. They shout aloud, but a genuine artist would so contrive to render them as to confound the fantastic with the real, to jumble up two different planes of fact, to render the world for once not as plain men see it, but as Mr. Balfour sees it. Somewhere on his canvas we should catch a glimpse of the nations moving into battle, their endless phalanxes as ghostly as the hosts that followed Pharaoh. We should see French and Germans, Russians and Austrians, contending on the windy plains of Europe, like the phantom cohorts of Romans and Carthaginians whom schoolboys dimly see at Cannæ. The colors would be faint, the forms indefinite, the clash of arms subdued, and the trumpet would ring out from some obscure gulf below the stage, like the call in "Leonora." One might catch a glimpse through a magnifying glass, of counties transformed into munition shops, populations hurrying hither and thither to make shot and shell, cannon and ships. They would look like a society of ants or bees, working under glass for the curiosity of an entomologist. Cries and lamentations, dirges and smothered words of pain—one would hear them in miniature as it were, like the vibrations of sound in a sea-shell which seem to repeat the murmur of ocean. In the centre of this picture would stand the statesman. He has a musical and sonorous voice with a timbre of unmistakable reality, the unaggressive gesture of authority, a gaze of unquestioning but extremely well-bred confidence. He handles his diplomatic Notes. He rounds his phrases. He decides in a balanced sentence the fate of "great and ancient monarchies." He speaks, and the assembly listens without question or demur. He is defending the secret of his mystery. War and peace, kingdoms and dynasties, settlements and unsettlements, they shrink as he speaks to items in his Notes, minutiae in his routine. One feels amid the suavity of the display that to pry into the secrets of the mystery would be outrageous, unbecoming, ill-mannered. One does not want to break the spell of the incantation, for the speech has a mesmeric quality. The fantastic shapes of struggling armies and the cries of dying men fade away to the ear and eye. What remains solid, indisputable, contemporary, is that aristocratic figure, so little strident, so free from any vulgarity of self-assertion, so practised, so confident, so traditional. He has no doubt of himself. He has always been there, in that guise or another. He always stood just in that place between the Abbey and the Thames. Sometimes he wore a perruque: he used to carry a rapier. Sometimes he wrote his Notes from an ink-horn, as now with a fountain-pen. But always he had that same well-bred voice, that same ease without undue assertion in delivery. And always, when he spoke, the vision of the tramping armies and the smoky counties rolled away like an upland mist, and he stood out, the sole reality. One has something of this uncanny feeling in reading Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," but he produces it by introducing a whole menagerie of supernatural shapes. Mr. Balfour's was a more notable effort. He did not quit the earth. He did not unveil the heavens. He achieved his magic by the simple process of talking from first to last in abstractions.

This really exquisite performance may be repeated once and again, but only on one condition. That condition is that the phantom armies and the smoky counties are not listening. The armies at the moment have their ears dinned with explosives, the counties are mesmerized by the clang of hammers. When their ears are more at leisure, and the din is somewhat abated, one questions

seriously whether a speech of this kind would convey much meaning to them. "Secret diplomacy—the continuity of foreign policy—the impossibility of sharing power with a committee," they would listen to it all without so much as noticing that it was aimed at their aspirations. It is so abstract that it would barely convey a negative to them. "Yes, to be sure," one hears them answering. "Of course diplomacy is secret: that does not interest us: we want a say in the doings of governments, so that it shall be our decision if we are again called out by the million to fight in Europe." The plain fact is that Mr. Balfour's demonstration of the necessary secrecy of diplomacy, and the inevitable autocracy of governments, was dangerously complete. He left not even a little loophole by which democracy might come creeping and peeping in. The process of diplomatic discussion must be rigidly confidential. Even the retrospective disclosure of facts in Blue-books must be belated, and can never be complete. Frank debates on foreign policy were undesirable and impracticable. Of the expedient of a Committee of the House appointed to work in close association with the Foreign Secretary, he would not hear. There remained in theory the right of the House to get rid of a Foreign Secretary whose undisclosed policy it might instinctively distrust. But even this right vanished in practice, for Mr. Balfour clung to "continuity," which means that to turn out one front bench because one distrusted its Foreign Secretary, would only result in the continuation of his policy by another hand. One gasped in amazement at the completeness of this demonstration, and some questions formed themselves in the listening mind. Why was it that Mr. Balfour sang peans to democracy when he visited the United States? Why was it that in the speech which he delivered immediately before this utterance, he called for the democratization of Germany? It would, of course, be a very good thing for the Germans, if it were a "responsible" Chancellor speaking to a sovereign Reichstag who brought forward his tariff Bills, his budgets, his insurance schemes, and what not. All that, no doubt, would be a gain to Germany. But it would scarcely be a gain to us. If foreign policy and diplomacy are in themselves incapable of disclosure and unsuitable for debate, if even a confidential Committee is undesirable, what can it matter to us whether Germany in her purely domestic affairs is democratized or not? We do not pretend to pierce this enigma, and we doubt whether the Germans will be shrewder. A physician should not hesitate to use at home the drugs which he dispenses to his neighbors.

For our part, we are constrained to think of this speech as one thinks of the other picturesque anachronisms of war. Secret diplomacy survives like the life-guard's breastplate, which he discards when he goes into action. The secrecy of it has already become the merest fiction. The German Chancellor learns with reasonable promptitude the details of a secret Franco-Russian treaty. We read over Mr. Gerard's signature, with facsimiles and photographs, the details of his conversations with the Kaiser. The plain man reads, not more than a day late, the epistle of the Pope to his King. We know with approximate accuracy the secret war-bargains which Italy and Roumania drive with the Allies. Not many hours after the publication of Mr. George's letter to Mr. Henderson, we knew that M. Kerensky favored Stockholm. The mystery has become very nearly as transparent as the Emperor's clothes. The Russian Revolution and the entry of America into the world-war have together made the old-world diplomacy an untimely survival, which is now fighting the last of its rearguard actions. We may take it for granted that the Soviet will in future be informed of whatever the Russian Government does, as the Senate's Committee will be privy to all President Wilson's engagements. That means that the Soviet and the Senate's Committee will also learn much of what our Government is doing long before the House of Commons is thought worthy of a share in the secret. We are in these matters by far the most conservative country in Europe, but even in diplomacy it takes two to keep a secret. The fact of war has for the moment induced the country to tolerate a measure of secrecy. But the fact

of war has at the same time given democracy the one motive which it lacked for insisting on the popular control of diplomacy. Before 1914 it was only a minority of the alert minds in the country which realized that foreign affairs really are the concern of the plain citizen. To the average man they were as remote as ancient history, and much more difficult to follow. To-day every miner, every artisan, understands that his own life or his son's life depends on the spirit and skill with which they are handled. We do not in much less vital matters delegate power without the possibility of question or control. It is laughable to suppose that masses of men, who insist in every other region of government on strict accountability, are going in future to stake their lives blindly. We do not think that negotiation can always be conducted usefully in public: we may even acquiesce in the claim that it should usually be conducted in private. But before the results of negotiation are ratified in a binding treaty, as soon even as they can be fixed in a preliminary draft, we hold that Parliament must be consulted. What at bottom is the prejudice against public debate? It is, we imagine, little more than the fear that irresponsible members may say disagreeable and incendiary things, which will at once be quoted in the country affected. That prejudice dates from the days before the Press. We are quite used to the news that Count Reventlow has said unpleasant things about us in the "Tageszeitung." Would it hurt us more if he were an elected person who could say them in the Reichstag? An English fire-eater of the same type would in fact be much less harmful in the House than as a leader-writer in the popular Press. The nerves of mankind adjust themselves with surprising ease, and with very little practice we shall all grow accustomed to plain dealing in Parliaments, as we long ago adjusted ourselves to frankness in the Press. The case perhaps is more delicate as between friends and allies, than it is between enemies. But in the long run if there is a grievance or suspicion, sensible men value candid speech which may lead to explanations. The Cabinet used to be the excuse for the exclusion of Parliament from any real control of foreign affairs. We are not sure that the Cabinet is going to emerge from this war in all its old mysterious sanctity. But a less reverent and more critical world realizes to-day that the Cabinet was never an effective committee of control over foreign affairs. It is now on record that from the early days of 1906 down to the Agadir crisis of 1911, the Cabinet knew nothing of the naval and military "conversations" which were the basis of our own official relations to France. It is also on record that only three members of the Cabinet were consulted before that famous Guildhall speech of 1911, which might have antedated the world-war by three years. Cabinets are too busy and too inexperienced for such work. They have the more fatal defect that they represent one party only. The more statesmen insist on continuity of policy, the more it follows that every party should be consulted over any departure of policy which may have lasting results. It is indefensible that a Government tottering to its fall, may sign a treaty of alliance which will commit its successor to war. There is, to our thinking, an answerable case for the creation of an all-party committee for foreign affairs, which would gradually become, what the Cabinet is not, an expert body guarding a continuous tradition. The case for reform is not merely that we distrust autocracy in matters of this moment. No section of public opinion is satisfied with the level of efficiency which our diplomacy now attains. Indispensable as Parliamentary reform may be, it is, we believe, the smallest of the changes that are coming. In one way or another the masses will insist on being informed, and their demand will be met. They will manifest their will directly. They will achieve discussion in international gatherings across frontiers. They will achieve this degree of consciousness and cohesion, unless we are much mistaken, even before the diplomatists succeed in making peace. Before many months are gone by, it may be the statesman defending his patent mystery who will seem the unreal and improbable figure. The marching armies and the smoky counties will have become tangible, vocal, and active.

A LIVING MEMORIAL.

For the sake of argument, and no matter at what risk of violence, let us assume that the war will end. However valiantly the ageing prophets may postpone their date for peace from one year to the next, let us assume that some day it will end. Among the incalculable demands which will then arise—demands for democratic government, for industrial revolution, for equal opportunities and equal education, for distribution of land, abolition of game-laws, national public-houses, and ever so many more—there will come a pathetic little demand for a memorial to those who have died in battle. The country will be so poor that nothing stupendous can be proposed. We shall escape a marble construction like the Walhalla which artistic insanity built beside the Danube, or the staring erection which crushes the Capitol in Rome. We may well hope to escape the German symbolism which raised the massive maiden looking from the Niederwald across the Rhine. Our danger will come from the temptation to scatter little monuments all over the land, like that obelisk which, in memory of the Boer War, disfigures the line of the Chilterns from Wendover to Princes Risborough. There isn't a village in Germany but possesses a similar "Denkmal" to those who fell in the war of forty-seven years ago, and it is an example we are likely to imitate, without any improvement in design.

Not that one would wish the names to be obliterated of those who, involved in the bewildering entanglement of war, sorrowfully left the familiar fields to die haphazard in unknown lands. In one small village among the downs of Sussex, thirty-seven young men, so well known, so kindly, and promising such variety of human life, have been already killed. From end to end of our islands, the record is much the same, and, in regretful admiration, the names, at least, must be remembered. A simple list, painted or carved upon a tablet in the church, would keep their memory safe for two or three generations. Lists overhung with regimental flags, and set in village churches, our national record offices, would be their best memorial. In our churches many names have survived for centuries after their deeds were forgotten; but the churches themselves will have mouldered away before mankind forgets this war.

Personal grief and private fame may thus be duly commemorated, but the country as a whole will seek some public means of recording the national loss and the heroism which sprang to arms at the first battle-cry of freedom. No one, except the architect, would wish such a memorial to stand as a heavy encumbrance for vacant minds to gaze at, much as the Imperial Institute stood. All the more do we welcome the suggestion of a correspondent in last Tuesday's "Times," that the memorial should take the form of people's theatres, standing in big tree-planted open spaces in busy and populous districts of great cities. The idea, which springs from the breezy but inartistic region of Poplar, has not been worked out in detail, though the originators seem to have cast an eye upon a site; we suppose the largish plot of open land where Poplar "Manor House" still tries to look like a country residence. The theatres are to be "run on business lines, and made to pay a dividend"—certainly important, if they are to escape the fate of dead-alive "revivals," and the stagnation of superiority. Beside the theatres, room is to be found for "large open-air dancing floors," and "places where visitors may eat and drink cheaply and decently"—just the places which England hardly possesses, though our Allies and enemies have them in every town and village. The scheme, we are told, also includes a choral society and orchestra, dramatic classes, workshops for stage carpentry and scene-painting, "everything directed to the development of local ability, in order that the district shall come to produce its own entertainment and be permeated by fun and beauty of its own making."

So far as Poplar is concerned, the cost is estimated at about £60,000, including the purchase of freehold. In some cities land would be cheaper than in Poplar. (What an opportunity for Manchester to settle her aged controversy over the "Old Infirmary Site"!) So that

for £1,000,000 we might erect about twenty of these war memorials, distributed among our largest towns; and, poor though we shall be, we could hardly grudge for war memorials one-eighth part of our daily expenditure on the war. Any surplus might go to fitting up the large barns which once served so well for theatricals in country villages, as the old nickname for actors proves. We do not know what the contributions for a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre some years ago amounted to, but the building exists only in the air, and here is a chance of combining Shakespeare's memory with memorials of the great national renovation which peace will bring.

It is true that, in outlying regions, a prejudice against play-acting, dancing, and every gaiety may linger. Puritanism did not dominate the middle classes for three centuries without leaving its mark, and the present writer, who was austere nurtured in the very odor of Puritanism, would not deny its virtues or its power. His grave elders regarded dancing as the primrose path to perdition, and a theatre as the entrance gate to an actual Hell, whose everlasting flames could almost be seen licking the scenery. In his childhood, they devised a scheme for converting London theatres into sanctuaries of a Sunday; but it was feared that the very atmosphere of frivolity might contaminate the worshippers, and that the habitual criminals who resort to theatres, and whose presence at the Sabbath prayer-meetings was confidently expected, would rob or seduce the godly at their devotions. Two interesting parallels are given in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book on "The Town Laborer." In 1798, the famous Arthur Young, being anxious to propagate among the poor "that truly excellent religion which exhorts to content and to submission to the higher powers," suggested the building of a great number of churches in the form of theatres, with benches and thick mats for the poor, and galleries and boxes for the higher classes. And, a year or two later, the Chairman of the Whitechapel Magistrates appealed to the Home Secretary to withhold a licence from the Royalty Theatre, because "the allurements held out by the Performances at that Theatre to Workmen and Servants of the numerous Manufacturers in that Neighborhood may induce them to live in habits of dissipation and profligacy, become idle and disorderly, and in consequence may be tempted to rob their Employers."

It may be that, scattered here and there throughout England and Scotland and Ulster, one could still find, as it were, "pockets" of Puritanism in which the theatre is still regarded as the Temple of Vice, just as here and there one may find "pockets" of plutocracy where people still speak thus of "the lower classes." But the deposits of both kinds are becoming rare, and are contemplated with amused astonishment, like the live toads sometimes found in stones, or anything else which has outlived its time. "The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre," was one of the last messages which Matthew Arnold left his country, and we have an opportunity of fulfilling that testament now that our national life is opening to wider horizons and a nobler sense of community. It may be that the Englishman's home has long enough been his prison, and that the tendency of such among the present generation as may survive the war, will be to a more public, less constrained, and less self-centred mode of living from day to day. With the growth of Trade Unionism, Socialism, Syndicalism, or whatever the working movement may be called, work is rapidly becoming more communal, and in the higher forms of mental growth or relaxation, none gives the sense of community more definitely than the theatre, the concert, or even the public dancing floor. If a foreigner asked what, apart from work, was the chief characteristic of British life, the answer would still be "dullness." Before the war, for enormous herds of people, drink was still not only the shortest way but the only way out of dullness. What memorial of the war could be better than the provision of another path?

We do not urge the claim of "art," or the encouragement of dramatists and artists. Any such claim or encouragement rouses a natural suspicion in the island

breast. But, at the same time, we notice that the creation of a national theatre in Ireland, not only in Dublin, but in small towns and villages of the south and west, has produced a large quantity of dramas, many excellent, and nearly all blest with brevity. There is no reason why England should be behind the other race; no reason but want of opportunity. We also have had a drama. We have great traditions, and manifold titles to the highest place but one in theatrical creation. It may be that such war memorials as are proposed would help to guide us to new and creative art. They might serve as another impulse in the Futurist movement which seeks to rescue us from the slavery of dead worship and perpetual imitation. Just as we write, there comes a protest upon this very point from one of our own artists. It is "A Plea for the Wider Use of Artists and Craftsmen," by William Rothenstein (Constable), urging the necessity of new, creative, and vital work for our public life. One passage is particularly opportune to our theme:—

"Throughout the country," the artist writes, "there is too marked a disproportion between the energy and wealth of our commercial enterprise and the dreariness and absence of charm in the vast towns this enterprise has created. . . . All the resources of the world are open to us to-day, yet nowhere is our failure to use these resources more pathetic than in the streets and houses of our vast suburbs. Let some at least of our memorials take the form of public halls, libraries, club-houses, concert halls, round which some real life may gather. Why not even a repertory theatre, such as the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, where local men and women could themselves stage and act plays?"

From every great business house, Mr. Rothenstein continues, many have gone to fight in France or Gallipoli, and records of their share in the country's burden might take forms that would enhance life in our neglected and dreary streets:—

"Of what use is it," he asks, "to place in some remote museum the precious relics of the local skill and beauty which made such cities as Venice and Nuremberg, Bruges and Rouen, a glory to commercial enterprise, if there is no evidence in our own public buildings of any of this vitality to-day?"

As an artist, Mr. Rothenstein is no "Futurist" in the sense of belonging to a narrow clique, but here he utters the guiding principle of all true Futurism. Let us free ourselves from perpetual criticism and moribund history. Let us leave the mummies in their museums, and old masters in their galleries, to be revered with a nod of grateful recognition once a year. Let us shake off the domination of our Shakespeare and our Shelley, and keep our eyes front, like the men of a good battalion, observing with joy any sign of creation, any sign of vitality that will inspire the coming race. It was life which our soldiers gave; as their best memorial, it is for us to reduplicate the worth of life by a finer splendor.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. FISHER'S EDUCATION BILL.

SIR,—In your article on "The Wrong Way" you draw attention to a most serious blot in the new educational proposals—namely, that they do not attempt to provide for the full intellectual, physical, and technical training up to the age of eighteen which is absolutely essential to the progress of the nation. You point out that the reason for this failure lies in the dread of losing the commercial benefit which accrues from employing juvenile labor. This desire for boy-labor is not restricted to employers; it is shared by the working classes, to whom the additional earnings of adolescent sons largely assist the finances of parents at a time when there is often a considerable number of mouths to be fed. It will, therefore, be a difficult task to persuade the country to stop the wage-earning activities of all youths up to eighteen. Accordingly, it is incumbent upon those who would extend the Government's scheme to discover a means whereby the labor that would thereby be withdrawn can be effectively and immediately replaced.

I venture to suggest that the labor and the resulting wage-

earning capacity are already at our disposal, and could be made available at the close of the war if we only take the necessary steps to secure them. I refer to the work of women, the value and adaptability of which has been one of the discoveries of the war. Female labor has been introduced into almost all our industries, and there are thousands of women now who have shown themselves to possess a capacity for work which, if properly utilized, should be an asset of the greatest value to the productivity of the nation. There is, however, a danger that when peace is declared we shall lose a large part of this new source of wealth. When our soldiers return to their civil work many women will not be able, and may not wish, to hold on to their jobs. But if by that time the State shall have prohibited juvenile labor a large field of work will be thereby left open to the women, who would thus be able to continue to contribute to the industrial welfare of the nation and to the financial well-being of their homes.

Thus we could, at one stroke, provide for our youths the necessary prolongation of their education, secure to women a continuance of their present industrial occupation, and avoid the industrial unrest and strife which, through the clash of the labor interests of men and women, is almost sure to arise unless the State makes arrangements in advance to meet the difficulties of demobilization.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DICKINSON.

House of Commons. August 23rd, 1917.

SIR,—That Mr. Fisher's Bill should be received with such general welcome is a proof that, in spite of recent apparent enthusiasm for education, the public and Press are either utterly ignorant of our educational organization, or indifferent to education in the real sense. My own impression is that this sudden and noisy acclamation of educational reform is due to little beyond the desire of "beating the Germans" in the science and technique of industry. One serious flaw in the present Bill was pointed out in last week's NATION, but even more serious is the omission to reduce the present size of classes; until this is done the consideration of other reforms may safely be postponed. An alleged "educational" measure which leaves this evil untouched is either a farce or a fraud—the play of "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark—building the steeple while the foundations are wobbling. I, who write, "teach" a class of sixty boys in a London Council School, and know that under such conditions real education is impossible, that teaching is hereby robbed of any of the dignity or amenity it might possess, for the huge class means recourse to something closely approximating to military discipline, an absence of that "sweet reasonableness" which should characterize school life. Mr. Fisher has lost a great opportunity, and thousands of teachers who, like myself, saw a gleam of brightness on their professional horizon, will resume their drudgery and take no further interest in the Education Bill.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. H. BARKER.

22, Bowood Road, Clapham Common, S.W. 11.

"CONSCIENCE AND COMMON-SENSE."

SIR,—There is a reference in the otherwise excellent article entitled, "Conscience and Common-sense," in your last issue to men who have accepted non-combatant work which seems slightly contemptuous. The writer confesses his inability to understand the position of these men. As a member of the corps referred to, may I crave space in your columns to enlighten your contributor and possibly convey information to your readers?

I think I am right in saying that the majority of the men joining the Non-Combatant Corps had hopes at one time of forming the R.A.M.C. The question was addressed to most of them when appearing before Tribunals: "Would you be prepared to undertake work in the R.A.M.C.?" and a reply being given in the affirmative, exemption from combatant service was usually awarded. The R.A.M.C. was, however, closed and barred to these men, the Government passing them into a corps specially formed to receive them. Once there, no escape was possible, except into the infantry or prison, and the decision arrived at in most cases was to carry on until something happened which brought them too directly into participation with war's activities. Many argued that were they in civil life it would be impossible to escape from the war. A bank clerk would be compelled to issue War Loan literature and certificates, a commercial clerk might be called upon at any time to deal with war contracts, and so on. There were, too, men who would fain be absolutists, but who, being parents, had given over hostages to Fortune, and to whose wives and children destitution presented itself did they refuse and go to prison.

The absolutists before the Tribunal declared they would have nothing whatever to do with war, even on its alleviative side. Those who convinced the Tribunal obtained work of national importance, those who did not went to prison. On the other hand, the man who felt able to undertake medical work, and honestly said so, was rewarded by membership of a corps which, being part of the Army, was not allowed to hold rank with other labor units.—Yours, &c.,

N.C.C.

A NEGOTIATED PEACE.

SIR,—You write of the "inept suggestion" made last winter that Mr. Wilson was acting as the tool of the German Government. This suggestion may have been made, but the more general feeling was that the German Government was trying to get him so to act. Mr. Gerard has shown that that was the case. You also blame "the folly of the German Junkers" for forcing America to war—presumably through insisting on the "ruthless" submarine warfare. Mr. Gerard has shown that this warfare was insisted on by all sections—Army, Navy, and civilians—and that it was just this combined national pressure that the German Government could not resist.

As to your present attitude, will you allow a pretty regular reader to make some remarks? You spoke recently of "moral reconstruction"; and very justly. But if the Militarist Party in Germany survives in power, how do you expect that moral European reconstruction to be possible? What would be the state of mind and spirit of the smaller neutral Powers who lie to-day in terror of antagonizing Germany? They would continue in that fear. What would be the spirit of France—that France we all admire—if, after all her generations of Liberalism and idealism, and her immense devotion to the civilization of Europe in this war, she proved, with her Allies, too weak in the face of selfish autocracy and brutal militarism to undo the wrong she suffered forty-five years ago? She might take it bravely—she is always brave; even smilingly—for none has a deeper sense of the irony of this world; but can you not conceive the depth of the wound to her vital spirit?

I fancy that if you yourself had been appointed before the war European dictator, to carry out the dreams of every liberal-minded man who desired a peaceful and progressive Europe, you would have drawn a map not unlike that which the Allies desire. There is no little truth in the German phrase now so often reiterated in their Press, that if Germany is not defeated she has won; and what chance do you think there is at the present moment of getting such a map by negotiation? Consider the German terms as, in point of fact, stated to Mr. Gerard in the beginning of this year. No matter what diminutions might be hoped for in negotiation, the spirit that considers anything of the sort feasible is the spirit of living and undefeated aggression. And, further, there is no proof that the power of the ruling class in Germany is discredited. You remark (August 11th) that "the enemies" have hastened to put "a new moral front" to the war by declaring it defensive. There is nothing new in this. The trick by which Russia's mobilization was hastened, the Kaiser's phrase about the sword being "forced into his hand," show that this tribute to virtue was paid from the beginning; and if the autocracy comes through that note will be sounded in every speech, and emphasized in every school history. The power that gets Germany out of the mess she is in, and saves her from the catastrophe that is impending, will have a claim on German gratitude, and will not have an impossible task in making an official and plausible case. The autocracy would be left in power, on the field, doing the work—the autocracy that has produced all these woes.

We do know, broadly, what we are fighting for; and, as Dr. Jacks tells us, the victories of democracy will not be secure if Germany wins the war. If she is not thoroughly defeated, the suspicions that the autocracy will leave rankling in every breast will lead to a period of renewed armament, with the secret fear on the democratic side that it does not stand the strain as well as the other. The prestige of Liberalism, during the war, is not heightened by encouraging that belief; it will be a millstone round its neck if after the war it can only plume itself on having tried to bring about a dangerous and probably nugatory compromise. Liberals did not bring about this war. Being in it, we should be thankful we have ends before us that are Liberal, and even ideal, ends; and, it seems to me, the proper part to play is to aim wholeheartedly at gaining all these ends of justice and liberation, and at keeping them clearly before the minds both of our governors and people, so that they are neither tarnished with greed, nor lowered through weakness.—Yours, &c.,

SCOTUS.

August 21st, 1917.

JARGON.

SIR,—Discussions about style are not unprofitable, but I cannot ask for much space to continue an argument about a particular article in one of your past issues—still less to accept the alluring suggestion that I should illustrate my views by examining the style of Henry James! The writer of the article admits that he cannot understand many of my criticisms, and his defence amply proves it. If he is really unable to see that calling a man's style "angular in form, woolly in texture, unconvincing in substance," is a ludicrous misuse of language, I am afraid his case is hopeless, and I must simply leave it to the judgment of your readers.

I may add that he is mistaken in thinking that my letter was inspired by my "political views." With the condemnation of Mr. Garvin's ideas about the war I was in full agreement,

and it was only because an article which was largely concerned with criticizing style was itself so shockingly written that I was moved to protest—at the pot calling the kettle black.—Yours, &c.,

R.

GERMANY AND THE PARIS PROPOSALS.

SIR,—In your issue of August 11th you indicate that we must offer Germany the Open Door and abolish the boycott proposed at Paris. Before considering that, many of us are puzzled as to the attitude to be adopted by Germany in that case. Is Germany to abandon Protection also, now that it has reached a stage of economic development when it no longer needs it? And is not this action on Germany's part an essential part of the bargain?—Yours, &c.,

INQUIRER.

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT AND MR. STANTON MOSES.

SIR,—Although the correspondence on this subject is now closed, perhaps I may be allowed to point out a curious misprint which turns my quotation from Sir William Barrett's first letter into inconsequential nonsense. I wrote, quoting Sir William's words in your issue of August 11th:—

"In my book I stated that all who, like myself, were personally acquainted with, and knew the high character of, Mr. Moses, would have been indifferent [this, Sir William now says, should have been 'indignant'] if a hostile critic, such as Mr. Podmore, had accused Mr. Moses of conscious and 'wilful deception,' *whenever other explanation might be given of the psychical phenomena occurring in his presence.*"

In your issue of August 18th, instead of the words which I have marked by italics, occur the following:—

"to the former, but the writer in 'The British Weekly' is phenomena occurring in his presence!"

Quod est absurdum.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

August 20th, 1917.

Poetry.

ECHO FROM PATMOS.

LOVELY, gentle, without guile,
There he sits on Patmos isle,
Is it isle or is it boat?
For while he dreams he seems to float
Far into the silver haze
That hangs behind those blue highways.
Is it boat or is it bird
That from those halcyon waves hath stirred?
For see, he does not float, he flies
Like some bright dove to Paradise,
Borne on the pinions of a dream
To anthem with the cherubim.
It was a wraith of sea-mist; now
Clear break the waves on Patmos' brow,
And he who once, a fisher boy
Was called by Christ from his employ,
Sits now, an old man, by the nets
And mends the holes; but he forgets
His present ploy, forgets that he
Is captive here, forgets the sea,
Forgets his name, he is so old,
And shivers, though it is not cold.
Yet one thing, one, he still remembers,
And warms his spirit at the embers
Of that bright flame; it is a word
He often as a young man heard
In Galilee when the Son of God
Might any day be seen abroad,
Walking beside the fisher folk,
Or praying, ere the birds awoke,
On the low hills by Lasharon,
The prayers of God's only Son.
And this was the one word John would say
To the people of Patmos every day,
The word he had heard in Galilee,
And would hear until there was no more sea,
Little children, love one another!
Little children, love one another!
If you love God you must love your brother.
Little children, love one another!

EDITH ANNE STEWART.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The World's Debate: An Historical Defence of the Allies." By William Barry, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Is War Civilization?" By C. Nyrop. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "A Century of British Foreign Policy." By G. P. Gooch and J. H. B. Masterman. (Council for the Study of International Relations. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Fortunes of Richard Maheny." By H. H. Richardson. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
 "La Grande-Bretagne et la Guerre: Esquisse d'une Evolution Sociale." Par Louis Cazamian. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

"SUMMER," Horace Walpole once wrote, or if it was not Horace Walpole, it was Disraeli or Oscar Wilde or somebody else, "is beginning to set in with its usual severity." That season is now shedding tears preliminary to a farewell, and one of the signs of its approaching departure is the appearance of some of the earlier and harder specimens of publishers' announcement lists for the autumn. Those I have seen hold out a promise that, if publishing will not be quite "as usual," it will approach closer to the normal than at any time since the war began. Publishers are, it is true, full of complaints about the increased cost of raw materials and of labor—I find in a good many cases that by the latter term they mean the labor of everybody connected with the production and distribution of a book except that of the author. But in spite of their complaints, they have not done so very badly. I see, for example, that Mr. Herbert Jenkins has written an article in an American trade journal, in which he tells his trans-Atlantic colleagues that he has made a profit on every book he published since the war began, and that his lists have been larger than ever. He explains his success alliteratively by attributing it to audacity, advertising, and advice to authors. All three devices are open to his rivals, and it is reasonable to presume that when one publisher has done so well, and he a comparative newcomer to the game, the others are in no very bad case.

* * *

BIOGRAPHY is a strong feature in the new announcement lists. Messrs. Macmillan are likely to have the book of the season in Lord Morley's reminiscences, which will run to two volumes, and will be both of political and literary interest. Mr. Murray's list has several biographies of special promise. Among them are the fifth and concluding volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," the delayed biography of Sir Charles Dilke by Mr. Stephen Gwynne and Miss Tuckwell, "The Life and Letters of Dr. Stopford Brooke" by Professor Jacks, "Letters and Recollections of Swinburne" by Mr. Thomas Hake and Mr. A. Compton Rickett, a memoir of Archdeacon Wilberforce by Mr. George W. E. Russell, and "The Life and Letters of Sir J. D. Hooker" by Mr. Leonard Huxley. Messrs. Longmans promise us a volume of Lord Acton's correspondence with Gladstone, Lady Blennerhassett, and others, another of Newman's correspondence with Keble, and "The Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin" by Mrs. Creighton. Two other books in this class that deserve mention are the Earl of Warwick's "Memories of Sixty Years," to be published by Messrs. Cassell, and "Thomas Woolner, R.A., Sculptor and Poet: His Life in Letters," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall announce. In the first of the two, the publishers tell us, "the names of the makers of the history of the last half-century crop up all through the book," while the second will contain many unpublished letters from Tennyson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Rossetti, and their contemporaries. It is noticeable that made-up biographies of the fragile fair have dropped out of the lists. Lola Montez and her like do not now engage the pen of the ready writer.

* * *

WHATEVER be the attraction of lists of new announcements, it cannot compete with that of a good second-hand catalogue, and I recommend readers to write to Messrs. Sotheran for their latest catalogue, which bears the title "The History of Civilization as shown in a Catalogue of Second-hand Books." It is a fine production. There are 3,695 works catalogued; many of them have autograph

notes by Sir Laurence Gomme, Professor Atkinson, Bishop Callaway, and other authorities on folk-lore and anthropology; and the whole catalogue is fully annotated. The annotator is undoubtedly a remarkable man. His notes prove that he is a scholar, and he gives rein to his personal fancies and prejudices in a way that reminds one of Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist," or of his prototype Thomas Love Peacock. Notes in a catalogue of second-hand books have always seemed to me intended solely to convince the hesitating purchaser. But in Messrs. Sotheran's they are made the medium for a series of comments on life and things, usually shrewd and often pungent. Here, for instance, are three on books by living authors. On a copy of Professor A. V. Dicey's Arnold Prize Essay on "The Privy Council," the annotator remarks:—

"Professor Dicey could never have guessed when writing this book that the Cabinet would one day follow the Privy Council into practical desuetude."

Mr. J. M. Robertson's "Short History of Free Thought" draws from him the observation:—

"That a free-thinker can be a believing Christian was evidently beyond the comprehension of the late Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade."

And he recommends the second edition of Sir James Frazer's "Golden Bough" with the words:—

"The above is generally preferred to the almost unduly voluminous third edition, and will be found quite as potent a solvent of the faith of the untaught Public School man."

* * *

SUPERSTITION in any form gets short shrift from our annotator, as the following comments show. On Drummond's "The Ascent of Man":—

"A once-celebrated 'Reconciliation of Religion and Science.' The basis of reconciliation has now descended from bastard physical analogies to blind belief in Bond Street mediums."

On Jones's "Credulities, Past and Present":—

"A very good cyclopædia of the things on which the man of fashion and the man of science alike now base their faith and religion."

On Buckland's "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ":—

"Dean Buckland was the best friend the Deluge ever had, and lent an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

On Pettigrew's "On Superstitions":—

"Had the vaccinator of Queen Victoria and cataloguer of 'Bibliotheca Sussexiana' lived another hundred years he would have seen most of the superstitions which he describes, and more also, the pet beliefs of swarms of 'educated' English men and women."

Similarly rationalistic in tone is his note on Munro's "Archæology and False Antiquities":—

"The first systematic exposure of the tempting and profitable trade of hoaxing the eager archæologist—a kind of cross between robbing a blind man's dog and seething a kid in its mother's milk. It has chapters on British forgeries . . . and must have induced a feeling of *malaise* in the curators of many a museum."

* * *

ANOTHER passion of the annotator is the *furor anti-Teutonicus*. He makes opportunities for displaying it in the most unlikely places. Thus he comments on Crowther's "Vocabulary of the Yoruba Language":—

"Probably the first publication of Bishop Crowther, the son of full-blooded negro parents, and himself a slave, who, to the discomfiture of Grant Allan, died a very old man, and never went Fantee—a reversion to primeval savagery reserved for modern German professors and university-bred officers."

And on Galton's "English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture":—

"Sir Francis Galton unluckily died too soon to investigate the nature and nurture which developed Professors Haeckel and Ostwald and their endless fellows into the Dehumanized Man of the Future Museum of Psychological Teratology."

I have noticed, however, that in two cases he finds something good to say of our enemies. Busk's "Household Stories from the Land of Andreas Hofer" draws forth the lament: "Alas! that we should be at war with the countrymen of Hofer." And his estimate of Sharman's "Cursory History of Swearing" is "Praiseworthy as far as it goes, but, like so much English science as compared with the German, too little *documenté*." Our annotator's gift of invective leads me to believe that he could supply a rich selection of the needed documents.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

MEMORIES OF A POET.

"My Reminiscences." By Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE.
(Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

It has been said that there are two Tagores. There is the Tagore who writes in his native language, and whom we know to our delight through translations. And there is the Tagore who imitates this Tagore in English, and whom we know to our sadness in the original. We have heard a great poet contend that there is as much difference between Tagore as a Bengali writer and Tagore as an English writer as there is between Milton as an English writer and Milton as a Latin writer. There is, we believe, no example of a great author writing equally well in two languages. Even Heine could not do it. Mr. Conrad has, in some miraculous way, been able to exchange one language for another; but, had he not abandoned Polish altogether, he would hardly have been able to write "Typhoon" and "Heart of Darkness" in English. English, after all, is the language of the central experiences of his life. He is a voyager by genius, and he made his voyages in English. Sir Rabindranath Tagore is in a different case entirely. He is a Bengali to the heart. His genius is not akin to the English in any important respect. The English language cannot be said to have provided him with a spiritual home. That is why he cannot express himself, but can only imitate himself, in English.

"My Reminiscences" is a book which was clearly written for his own people. It was written in 1912, when the author was in his fiftieth year, before he came to the West on a visit which made him one of the famous writers of his time. Here we have it in a translation—in a translation by no means perfect—but how much finer, how much more intimate and easy it is than anything the author has set himself to write for us in English! If it is safe to prophesy immortality for anything Sir Rabindranath Tagore has written, it is safe to prophesy it for this. It is the sort of book which one wishes every poet would write. It is not so deliberately concerned with the growth of a poet's mind as "The Prelude." One may compare it rather with Mr. Yeats's "Reveries over Childhood and Youth." It is like both these books, however, in mapping out the regions in which a poet's genius tried its wings and adventured into triumph. It would not be easy to imagine a more unpropitious environment for a poet's childhood than the Tagore household. It was a house in which the children saw little of their parents, but had to spend their days in the servants' quarters. "Going out of the house was forbidden to us; in fact, we had not even the freedom of all its parts." Had the servants been kind to the children, their company might have been the best thing in the world for a young poet. Servants of the right kind are often franker in their human nature and less stiffened by convention and pretence than parents, and may be easily a fortunate part of a child's education. But the Tagore servants were not of this kind. "Of most of these tyrants of our childhood, I remember only their cuffs and boxings."

There was, however, one of the servants who had once been a schoolmaster, and who used to keep the children quiet in the evenings by reading out stories from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

"The lamp would be throwing huge shadows right up to the beams of the roof, the little house lizards catching insects on the walls, the bats doing a mad dervish dance round and round the verandahs outside, and we listening in silent, open-mouthed wonder."

Going to school seems to have been scarcely a happier experience to the young Tagore than staying at home under the iron rule of the servants. At school, too, the discipline was hard:—

"The boy who was unable to repeat his lessons was made to stand on a bench with arms extended, and on his upturned palms were piled a number of slates."

The child, however, succeeded in getting a certain amount of pleasure by inventing a game in which he himself figured as the schoolmaster:—

"I had started a class of my own in a corner of our verandah. The wooden bars of the railing were my pupils, and I would act the schoolmaster, cane in hand seated on

a chair in front of them. I had decided which were the good boys and which the bad—nay, further, I could distinguish clearly the quiet from the naughty, the clever from the stupid. The bad rails had suffered so much from my constant caning that they must have longed to give up the ghost had they been alive. And the more scared they got with my strokes the worse they angered me, till I knew not how to punish them enough."

Of the second school which he attended, and where he was also unhappy, he remembers only that the boys were "nasty" in manners and habits, and that one of the teachers used language so foul that, "out of sheer contempt for him, I steadily refused to answer any of his questions." Were it not for the gentle, amiable way in which Sir Rabindranath Tagore tells his story, one would heartily pity him for having passed his childhood in unusually harsh surroundings. But somehow or other he casts an idyllic glamor over those early days, and leaves us with none of the sense of unhappiness with which a Russian writer would leave us in similar circumstances. The children of the Tagore house "had to get up before dawn, and, clad in loin-cloths, begin with a bout or two with a blind wrestler." Then came private lessons from six till half-past nine from a master who "looked like a cane incarnate." School followed, and, when the children got home, the gymnastic masters were waiting for them. "In the evening Aghora Babu came for our English lessons. It was only after nine that we were free." It was at the age of eight that Sir Rabindranath Tagore began to write verse, and he did so, not as a result of any inspiration, but at the suggestion of "a son of a niece of my father's," who one day, for no apparent reason, "asked me to try and make up a verse." Henceforth he was a dedicated poet, filling first a blue manuscript-book, and afterwards a Letts's Diary with his scribblings. He even began to adopt the swagger and attitude of a poet. "When I wrote poetry at Bolpur," he tells us, "I loved to do it sprawling under a young cocoanut palm. This seemed to me the true poetic way." His imagination was awakened some time later by a prolonged visit to a riverside villa on the Ganges while an epidemic of fever raged at Calcutta, and, though he was still scarcely allowed to budge from the house,

"The Ganges freed me from all bondage, and my mind, whenever it listed, could embark on the boats gently sailing along, and hie away to lands not named in any geography."

There was never a poet who lived a more sheltered life. Jane Austen did not live in a cage to nearly the same degree. None the less, he had the experiencing heart, and to the true artist that is the first necessity. He had also books, and he loved to let his imagination linger on such lines from the poets as:—

"The night that was passed in the lonely forest cottage."

Then, suddenly, his father began to take notice of him, and took him off with him on a journey to the Himalayas. "This was the first time in my life that I had a full suit of clothes made for me." One cannot help smiling at the way in which the father sought to continue the education of the child during the journey.

"My father had brought with him some volumes of the Peter Parley series from which to teach me. He selected the 'Life of Benjamin Franklin' to begin with. He thought it would read like a story-book, and be both entertaining and instructive. But he found out his mistake soon after we began it. Benjamin Franklin was much too business-like a person. The narrowness of his calculated morality disgusted my father. In some cases he would get so impatient at the worldly prudence of Franklin that he could not help using strong words of denunciation."

But the little boy also applied himself to Sanskrit and to Proctor's "Astronomy." One would imagine from the early part of the book that the elder Tagore was a negligent parent. He was certainly so from the contemporary Western point-of-view. But his son's memories of him are all pious. "He never," he declares, "stood in the way of our independence." Towards the end of his life, when he was bed-ridden, the old man sent for his son one day.

"He asked my brother to accompany me on the harmonium, and got me to sing my hymns one after the other—some of them I had to sing twice over. When I had finished he said:—

"If the king of the country had known the language and could appreciate its literature, he would doubtless have rewarded the poet. Since that is not so, I suppose I must do it." With which he handed me a cheque."

One thing the younger Tagore inherited from his father was a passionate Indian patriotism. Those were the days

in which a movement comparable to the Gaelic League and Sinn Féin was coming to birth in Bengal.

"When on one occasion some new connection by marriage wrote my father an English letter, it was promptly returned to the writer."

As a boy, young Tagore belonged to a political society which met in darkness, talked in whispers, and possessed a password. Sir Rabindranath does not take his political past very seriously, but it is clear enough from what he writes that an accident or foolish step on the part of the authorities might have easily brought him to the same end as the Irish poets of Easter week. "I firmly believe," he declares, "that if in those days Government had provided a frightfulness born of suspicion, then the comedy which the youthful members of the association had been at might have turned into grim tragedy." The young patriots wrote national songs, invented an unwearable national costume, and attempted to found national industries, sometimes with comic results.

Afterwards came a visit to England and a time of absorption in English literature. On the whole, Tagore cannot be regarded as an enthusiast either for England or English literature. English literature, he thinks, reflects at its greatest a certain "bachchanalian revelry" of emotion rather than the quiet of truth and beauty.

"Glancing back at the period of which I tell, it strikes me that we had gained more of stimulation than of nourishment out of English literature. Our literary gods then were Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron; and the quality of their work which stirred us most was strength of passion. In the social life of Englishmen passionate outbursts are kept severely in check, for which very reason, perhaps, they so dominate their literature, making its characteristic to be the working out of extravagantly vehement feelings to an inevitable conflagration. At least, this uncontrolled excitement was what we learnt to look on as the quintessence of English literature."

As for his life in England, it provides him with the subject of one of the most amusing narratives we have read for a long time. His account of the widow of the Anglo-Indian official and the way in which she compelled him to sing a commonplace dirge for her dead husband to a certain Indian mode—made him sing it again and again in all sorts of company whenever she met him—proves that the sense of humor is not so exclusively Western a quality as some people seem to think. This lady, we are told, called him "Ruby," and on one occasion even made him stand outside the door of a bedroom in which a friend of her's was lying ill, and chant the dirge on the landing.

In his youth, Tagore composed many of his poems to tunes written by his brother or adapted from European sources. He traces the beginning of the emancipation of his genius to the departure of his brother on his travels, which left him to his own devices. And he makes the odd confession that he owes something of his self-realization at this time to the fact that he began to use a slate to write on:—

"I began to use a slate for my writing. That also helped in my emancipation. The manuscript books in which I had indulged before seemed to demand a certain height of poetic flight, to work up to which I had to find my way by a comparison with others. But the slate was clearly fitted for my mood of the moment. 'Fear not,' it seemed to say. 'Write just what you please; one rub will wipe all away!'"

By a curious chance, one of the prison circumstances which, according to Mrs. Henry Hobhouse, causes most acute misery to some of the Conscientious Objectors serving terms of hard labor, is the being denied any writing materials except a slate and a pencil. And we fancy few people with the passion for writing will agree with Sir Rabindranath Tagore's praise of the slate. The young poet was about twenty at this time, and his family was living at the time in a very holiday of the arts. "We wrote, we sang, we acted, we poured ourselves out on every side." On the relation of poetry to music in Bengali literature, on the order and nature of his own compositions, and on the native literature that influenced him and the other poets of the Bengali renaissance, there is much that is fascinating in these reminiscences. But for ourselves we are interested in no part of the volume so keenly as in the little passing portraits that the author drops so skilfully and so freely into his narrative. How delightful, for instance, is the portrait of the Persian tutor with whom the Tagore boys used to play truant:—

"He was of middle age, and all skin and bone, as though dark parchment had been stretched over his skeleton without any filling of flesh and blood. He probably knew Persian well, his knowledge of English was quite fair, but in neither of these directions lay his ambition. His belief was that his proficiency in singlestick was matched only by his skill in song. He would stand in the sun in the middle of our courtyard and go through a wonderful series of antics with a staff—his own shadow being his antagonist. I need hardly add that his shadow never got the better of him, and when at the end he gave a great, big shout and whacked it on the head with a victorious smile, it lay submissively at his feet."

Not many readers would have expected that the author of "Gitanjali" possessed so pretty a vein of humor as appears in some of these stories.

"My Reminiscences," we fancy, will be the most lastingly popular of his books. It is at once amusing and charming: it reveals a poet and it reveals a people. Autobiography so fine as this does not appear more than three times in a generation.

RUSSIAN TRANSLATIONS.

"Russian Poets and Poems: With an Introduction on Russian Versification." By N. JARINTZOV. Preface by JANE HARRISON. Vol. I., Classics. (Blackwell. 10s. 6d. net.)

MADAME JARINTZOV, in her valuable book, the "Russians and their Language," took a great deal of pains to show the impossibility "of making all these telling, all-important twists" of the Russian tongue in English. In her Introduction on Russian Versification she confesses that she is astonished at her "audacity" in undertaking these translations of Russian poetry, since it is impossible to preserve its meaning, phrasing, character of speech, and musical lilt combined. But, after all, who has succeeded in translating Virgil or La Fontaine or Heine into English? It is the associations that words bring, not their meanings that cannot be transferred into a foreign language. And the mental habits and emotional coloring at the back of the associations vary with each tongue. Miss Jane Harrison, in her eulogies of Madame Jarintzov's admirable versions, goes rather far in her assumption. "If we are to keep the color, the flavor, the life, the lilt of the one language the other must suffer. Which is it to be?" We should prefer to say—if we succeed in transferring all these qualities of the original—*ipso facto*, the alien tongue cannot have suffered. And, frankly, we see nothing "subversive" in the spirit or method of Madame Jarintzov's translations. If anything, they have suffered from the well-meant advice of those English friends who have curbed her natural inclinations. For we note that she says that Lermontov's "Demon," and the poems by Alexey Tolstoy have not gone through the hands of her chief English adviser, and it is by these very versions that she scores her most indisputable triumphs. Who told her that "you cannot possibly begin a meditation in English by saying, 'And boring and sad'?" Of course you can; and by so doing you preserve the directness of Lermontov's mood, which is cloaked and dulled by the paraphrase she adopts:—

"There's no one with whom to shake hands at the hour of heart's pain;
All's solitude, dullness, and sadness."

Madame Jarintzov hits the centre of the target when she says, "Technique is not an aim in itself, but only a road for the living spirit"; and she proceeds to lay down "the laws" she has discovered for herself—viz., to aim at rendering the spirit, the atmosphere, the color, and the nature of sound of each selected poem. We are not sure that her insistence on securing "the exact swing and lilt of the original," in spite of her conspicuous successes, is not, at times, a snare for her feet. For example, the first verse of Tutché's "Last Love" she renders thus:—

"Oh, how the walking down our slope
Makes love more tender, more superstitious!
Oh shine, oh shine, the parting hope
Oh love, the last love, light unambitious."

Not only are the second and fourth lines awkward to scan, but fidelity to "the lilt" is secured at the expense of precision of meaning. There is nothing about "walking down the slope" or of "light unambitious" in the Russian, where the word "superstitious" conveys blended feelings of apprehen-

sion, anxiety, and fate not implied in the English. We merely mention these points to show the difficulties that Madame Jarintzov has had to struggle with in every line. She keeps surprisingly close to the original, even when she paraphrases; though metrical exigencies occasionally drive her to curious shifts, as when she translates a line of another of Tutchew's touching lyrics:—

"Did I indeed not love at all, then?"

When the meaning is surely simply: "Oh, how I loved all this!"

It is only natural that the spirit and the atmosphere of Pushkin's immortal stanzas should occasionally suffer eclipse, as in the four lines rendered at the bottom of page 86, where the exquisite simplicity of his language seems bald, if rendered literally, and poetically cheap and second-rate in the "poetic finish" of his translator's phrases. All the more remarkable, therefore, is Madame Jarintzov's feat in her felicitous rendering of Pushkin's "Autumn," where indeed the freshness, the flavor, the matchless *élan* of the verse really "come through" the English screen, and explain why Pushkin's many-sided genius was even dearer to Russian Society than was Byron to contemporary England. The specimen versions of Pushkin's "light" verse, we note, are superior to the examples given of his "serious" muse, as "The Ode to Liberty" and Boris Godunov's "Soliloquy." Why, by the way, in the delightful "Tenth Commandment," does Madame Jarintzov make the poet exclaim: "His wife or ox I never seek"; when he surely declares: "But if his wife is charming or his maid is pretty—Lord! There I am weak." Can it be that an atmosphere of English propriety is sapping the translator's fidelity to the realities? We ask the question because in one or two passages she surprises us by observing that such and such a poem would be "impossible" or "too shocking" in a literal English translation, as Alexey Tolstoy's satire, "How Tsar Ahreyan went Complaining to God." Surely her English friends have impressed upon her that the particular value of the great Russian authors to English culture lies in the breaking through the thick crust of English conventionality—as Tolstoy through our social, and Tchekov through our domestic hypocrisies. The answer to the timid objection, "Oh! it can't be done," is simply the translator's deed, "There you are! It is done," and the objectors subside, murmuring. We hope that Madame Jarintzov will not defer to academic opinion in this matter, for her versions show that she is in peculiar sympathy with Alexey Tolstoy, whose "gallant personality, acute wit, and infectious laughter" introduce a new, welcome note to English readers who have been surfeited with the literature of suffering of so many Russian classics.

The account Madame Jarintzov gives of Nekrassov and her condensed prose version of "Russian Women" are both fascinating, though she does not state what we have been told is a fact—viz., that Nekrassov, in his poem, has followed, almost phrase by phrase, the memoirs of Princess Volonskaya, which were published after "Russian Women" had appeared. By the way, why does Madame Jarintzov put the fault of the quarrel between Nekrassov and Turgenev on the latter's shoulders, saying, "Turgenev with his well-known quarrelsome nature," and so on, when it is notorious that Nekrassov never long retained his friends, and that, as Waliszewski puts it, "a discord always existed between Nekrassov's poetic existence and his practical life"? One of the cleverest translations in the volume is that of Jukovski's "Svetlana"—a delightful ballad in the best romantic style, which the poet was the first to naturalize on Russian soil. We are glad to note that, in her sketch of the poet's life and origin, she raps the knuckles of "a delightful English friend"; who exclaimed: "Well, Russia is the limit!" on hearing that Jukovski, the illegitimate son of a Turkish slave-girl, became a tutor and a friend of the Royal Family. "Well, the English are the limit in their conventional narrowness!" is the moral. The versions of Fet are a little disappointing, considering that Madame Jarintzov is solely responsible for the phrasing. But to make amends, the rendering of Lermontov's "Demon" is quite masterly—a veritable recreation in English of the richly colored, melodious original. Her success will make English readers understand for the first time Lermontov's magic spell, even as her quotations from Merejkovski's essay put the poet's genius in a new light. In conclusion, we would urge Madame

Jarintzov not to put out of court the possibility of rhythmical prose when the difficulties involved in securing both melody and rhyme grow too perplexing.

A JOURNALIST'S VISION.

"Two Towns—One City: Paris—London." By JOHN F. MACDONALD. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

JOHN F. MACDONALD was thirty-six when he died, in November, 1915, but his writings, collected from various papers and now published, bear the stamp of youthfulness which we are told was inseparable from his character. These sketches are not great journalism; neither the piercing vision nor the lightning phrase are discernible; but they are written with a sustained vivacity which, no matter what be the subject chosen, will always ensure them a welcome public. Young people practise naturally an art which their elders have long mourned as extinct. Letter writing, like chivalry, belongs to the age of enthusiasm, and while middle-age declines insensibly to the post-card and the telephone, the letters of undergraduates to each other, or of girls from country houses to their friends, are almost always delightful, not from any particular wit or wisdom in their authors, but because they are written for pleasure. Mr. Macdonald kept the youthful gift, of more value to the journalist than a hunger for perfection or a search for the absolute—a genuine enjoyment in the moment. Everything amused him. Dowered with no message, no special vision or fineness of temperament, he saw the world as everybody sees it, only in better spirits. He was what a journalist should be—a *badaud*, a loiterer, a Man-in-the-street. But the Man-in-the-street goes on his way and forgets; the journalist stops and writes it down. Many of these sketches are of London and Paris in pre-war days, and deal with such pleasant subjects as King Edward's appearance on the boulevards, Guy Fawkes's Day, Christmas shopping, the visit of the five hundred children from the poorer districts of London to the International Musical Festival at Paris. The later sketches show the same animation, the same jollity of tone, though the theme has changed from the trivial to the tragic. The best of these deal with the early days of 1914, before the horror had sunk deep, and the surface of life was still normal. But the surface only. Look attentively and you will see:—

"The majority of faces, even a couple of yards away, appear normal. Still, fever is there; the skin is dry, hair has lost its sheen, eyes are jaded, strained, contracted—underneath them shadows. Moreover, mouths and nostrils twitch, and hands are restless, and legs have a nervous way of shooting outwards. Even as I write, in the smoking-room of a leading club, a member renowned for his composure has changed his chair for the third time in fifteen minutes. No reason for changing chairs; nor is there any more reason why another member should be for ever going up and down the staircase. Then a third member—usually the quietest of souls—has acquired the noisy, irritating habit of jingling his coins in his pockets. A fourth is constantly snapping his fingers; a fifth cannot keep his pipe alight—There, the first member has changed his chair again. . . . Like everyone in London, they are doing their utmost to keep calm and cannot manage it."

Those were the days when strangers, shocked into a sudden brotherhood of volubility, spoke freely of their sensations. No one was quite unchanged, but few experienced a development as interesting as that confided to Mr. Macdonald by a furniture remover on Hampstead Heath:—

"Down sits a burly man with an evening newspaper. Instead of reading it, he reflectively strokes his face and chin. Then he informs me that he is engaged at a furniture remover's, and that 'something is worrying and puzzling and upsetting' him. Of course, as one of the new democrats, I express concern and sympathy.

"You'd 'ardly believe it, but it's a fact," my neighbor solemnly relates. 'It's fit to put in the papers. Just 'ave a look at me, and tell me—does I need shaving?'

"Not much—perhaps a little," I reply, ambiguously.

"Now, listen. For many years I only wanted a shave every second day," solemnly continues the furniture remover. 'But I 'ad one yesterday, and I want another to-day. And it's been like that ever since we went to war. Yee; a shave every day. And it's the war that 'as done it.'"

Mr. Macdonald reminds us again of that first tragic blunder of the war—an error, which will, though well

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meant, rank in thousands of impressionable memories as second in magnitude only to Gallipoli and Mesopotamia—the return of the children a fortnight earlier to school. Compared with the deprivation of a country holiday, the over-running of Belgium seemed a trifle; but, though the fields be lost, all is not lost. The laws of compensation move in a mysterious way:—

"But you won't have a bad time of it," I intervene. "I don't mind telling you that a good many of your teachers are missing. When they left on their holidays, they went to Germany and Switzerland, and now they can't get back."

"Ooray!" shouts an urchin.

"Ooray!" "Ooray!" cry other delighted urchins.

"When I ask for an explanation of the gaiety, the leader of the band shouts, with laughter—

"Old Barret—one of our teachers—went to Germany for 'is 'olidays, and of course the Germans 'ave got 'im!' cries the leader, spasmodically."

The "Morotory" is the cause of an indignant outburst on the part of Mrs. Manderville, the charwoman. What, she asks, has become of her brooch, her clock, two flannel petticoats, stuffed canary in a glass case, set of fire-irons, and two real silver-plated spoons? All pawned. And—"It's the Morotory that's done it all!"

"... There I was saying to myself, no rent to pay, everybody's got to give you credit, you simply takes what you wants, and promises to settle up when you can; if there's any trouble, you only call up a policeman, and the policeman says to the shopman, 'Becos of this 'ere Morotory, you've got to serve this laidy at once'; and if the shopman don't obey orders, off 'e goes to prison with the Germans, and they give 'im 'ard labor, and per'aps cut 'is throat, and—"

That, at any rate, is what the Moratorium ought to have done.

Mr. Macdonald was, we think, happier in his lighter sketches than when he attempted to touch the deeper issues of the war. As Socrates observed, in a moment of doubtful sobriety, but unmistakable inspiration, the genius of tragedy and comedy are essentially the same. The faults of redundancy and flatness discernible in Mr. Macdonald's humor are accompanied by a corresponding sentimentality which will repel the few though it may attract the many. But if the war did not deepen the light-hearted boyishness of his outlook, neither, we feel sure, did death depress the courageous spirit which lies at the foundation of all gaiety of heart.

A PACIFIC FEMINIST.

"War, Peace, and the Future." By ELLEN KEY. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

MISS KEY's book loses something, we suspect, in translation. The translator's style has the curious heaviness which one associates with bread which has failed to rise. She lacks imagination which, in writing, plays the part of yeast, and, what is still more serious, frequently the bread which she finally produces for us is not English, but Swedish. The following sentence may be taken as an example: "And should the best women in those countries be permeated by the truth of human economy, and were they frankly to admit of the destruction of mankind that the continuation of this war entails, they would at this moment be pointed out as traitors." These defects are serious both for Miss Key and for her English readers. This is a book in which the effect of what is said depends very largely upon how it is said. The matter is never very profound or even original: it is emotional, and probably in the original "fine writing" succeeds in making the emotion glow until it is communicated to the reader. In the English version, we are too often left coldly conscious that the purple of the patches and the glow of the emotion have been dulled.

Miss Key is a distinguished feminist and pacifist. She is also a distinguished neutral, and that fact added to the interest with which we opened her book. The book itself does not fail in interest, for it deals chiefly with the effect of war upon women and feminism, and the effect of women and feminism upon war. Miss Key is not one of those to whom the events of the last two years have brought either a change of heart or a change of mind. They have only deepened her feelings, confirmed her beliefs, and strengthened her convictions. Upon people with her hopes and outlook, the war fell like the blow of a personal bereavement. It

was intolerable, not only because of the more obvious of its inevitable horrors, pain, mutilation, death, and destruction, but because it suddenly snapped the ties which seemed to bind our twentieth-century social system together, and in a day swept away the foundations of every hope and ideal. One of the best passages in this book is that in which Miss Key makes us feel the keenness with which the consciousness of this "immeasurable loss" came to at least one neutral woman. The painful knowledge remains with her that many of the great changes which she might have hoped to see in her own lifetime are now postponed for generations. Under such circumstances, she finds no place for a facile optimism. All the lambs have turned into lions, and after two or three years of roaring and blood-letting, they will not suddenly and permanently lie down together again as pacific lambs. Miss Key sees no short cut to peace: yet she is no pessimist. She remains a pacifist and a feminist, and it might even be said that for her these two ugly words are only two sides of the same beautiful coin. She believes that it is only through women that war will be made an anachronism. For her woman is essentially the mother, the giver of life: an international system which rests upon war and force contains a principle, the destruction of life, which must be naturally antagonistic to her. Hence the enormous importance of women gaining their full political emancipation, for the influence of their point of view will only be felt when they share in the control of affairs. And here Miss Key is brought up short before a certain cold fact which has emerged from this war. Are women naturally pacifists? The most interesting pages of her book are those in which she discusses this question. She admits frankly that the facts of the war do not answer in the affirmative. "Comparatively few women," she writes, "enlist in this holy crusade against national hatred. For every thousand pacifists there are a million egging men on to war." Or, again: "It will be a long time before woman will relinquish the dogma of the necessity of war and a nation's right to world-power." The one encouraging fact, from her point of view, to which she can point is that "whereas men in the warring countries have let loose their passion of hatred in a way that one had begun to consider impossible for civilized humanity, no woman of note has let herself be misled to such an outpouring." Miss Key does not make it altogether clear how she reconciles the attitude of the vast majority of women towards this war with her belief in the part which in the future women are to play in extirpating war.

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WE are all superior about the "well-made play," but we invent a theory about writing novels, in order to get as far as we can away from the well-made novel. And it is true, of course, that a novel which is nothing more than a well-oiled complicated mechanism will not be very likely to hitch its landaulette to a star. Nevertheless, let the public be on its guard against him who sniffs at neatness, ingenuity, pattern, dexterity, good management in a novel. It is odds that he will recommend a down-at-heels tramp of a book as a work of art, simply because of the state of its clothes. There are delights in viewing mountain-peaks capped by rakish clouds; there is a sober and honest pleasure in admiring a trimly kept lawn. And so we are glad to register our enjoyment of Mr. Hewlett's neat feat and discreet (to quote Mr. Shaw) burlesque without shame. It is even a knockabout burlesque, but so closely treated, so judiciously presented, that we are not conscious of mere clownishness. It relates how Mr. Coulthard Henderson, the celebrated novelist of crime, countesses, and courtship, discovered one day that his dialogue was not convincing. Accordingly, he hired a model, a youth with a good presence but no prospects, fresh from Oxford, to conduct the plot of the next novel realistically and in the house of his prosperous uncle—who is exactly

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what a financier should be in the properly indignant imagination of a social reformer. The model naturally finds that with the best will in the world it is no light task to fit the circumstances of actual life with the heated conceptions of it generated by so great a seller as Mr. Henderson. And so follow the entanglements, cross-purposes, and disillusionments of the *dramatis personæ*, both unconscious and deliberate. It is a good-natured book, written in the right pitch and key, with the interest well sustained and the incidents well assimilated.

"Pan's Punishment" is something of the same kind of thing. But it is not nearly so good, and spoiled by the author's rather solemn affection for the appropriate novelistic sentiment. The title has nothing to do with some exasperated shepherd's revenge upon the piper of native wood-notes wild for leading his sheep astray, but with the penalty exacted from Pandora Mayfield for giving birth to an illegitimate child. But the really odd thing about Mr. Grierson's novel is the difference between the first half and the second. In the first, he exhibits, conventionally enough, Pan's seduction by an unscrupulous ruffian, her ostracism from her family, the recovery of her self-respect from sympathetic treatment, and so on. But it is not the run of events; it is the method of relating them which displays the author's skill. Instead of ploughing straight ahead over the old familiar ground, he treats his subject half-gently and half-banteringly, with many personal digressions for the reader's benefit, and perfectly well aware that he is telling the average story. And yet suddenly, and with no warning, he becomes the victim instead of the master of his material. The war breaks out, Pandora becomes a hospital nurse at the front, is captured by a brutal and debauched Prussian officer, is rescued by the man who wants to marry her, and so on. And all without a hint, without a sign that the author recognizes that where before he pleasantly pretended to be taken in by the conventions, here he is taken in in earnest. It is astonishing that guile and guilelessness, humor and lack of it, a ready personal touch and a blindness to anything but the course of the usual popular plot, should co-exist in the same novel. Mr. Grierson flatly contradicts himself.

Mr. Grant Watson is a promising young novelist, and his first book, "Where Bonds Were Loosed," had a considerable deal of power and ability. But here he does not do himself the justice he has given us the right to expect. "The Mainland" is the story of a boy brought up by his parents on an uninhabited Pacific island. His independence drives him to the mainland of Australia, where, on a pearling expedition with a rich young anthropologist, he falls ideally and romantically in love with the wife, neglected by her husband. She fails him at the critical time, and John, in his despair, and later, in his numbness, has none such spiritual adventures with women. Then, while mining in the bush, he strikes up a friendship with a young man, whose sister he marries so abruptly that we turn over the last page of the book with the expectation of beginning a new chapter. The blind spot of "The Mainland" is the characterization. The scene on the pearling yacht when Arthur Cray, with the situation perfectly in hand, prevents one portion of his crew from stealing his pearls and the other from stealing his wife, is a capital piece of work. The accounts of the Australian desert, too, are excellent, and Mr. Grant Watson, who always pricks the attention in reflective moralizing, has a really brilliant eye for landscape. But his figures are wooden. John never lives for a moment, however cradled by such a romantic environment and fostered by such romantic accessories. And we never quite get over the crass folly of his parents who allow him to shift for himself in the world, in complete ignorance of it, and without knowing how to read or write. Mrs. Cray is insipid, and John's wife too slightly sketched for comment. The utmost pains should have been taken with the latter, the harbor of John's derelict career. "The Mainland" is a book written by a capable writer, who has not found his feet on it.

Mrs. Clifford's novel, in spite of the fact that the war is insinuated into it, reads so queerly old-fashioned that we feel it might have been written by Walter Besant. Its fault, and a consistent one, is its neutrality. On the other hand, it does give a fairly good picture of the *esprit de corps* belonging to young business girls living in touch with one another.

The Week in the City.

THE Stock Exchange has been quiet enough in the last week, though the Home Railway Market has been relieved of anxiety regarding the threatened strike of enginemmen. Some encouragement has been given to Mexican securities by the official sanction of the United States Government and the proposed Bankers' Loan for the Carranza Government. It really looks as if something may ultimately be saved from the Mexican *débris*. Papal peace diplomacy still helps to maintain Government securities in spite of the fearfully stubborn and bloody fighting which is proceeding on nearly all the fronts. Hopes of course are entertained that the heavy blows dealt to the German and Austrian Armies may help to hasten the end. The debate on war taxation in the American Senate indicates the popular demand in the United States for still further taxation of the wealthy classes. Washington can only claim now that its war-taxation is in the same proportion to expenditure as that of Great Britain. I hear that the Treasury is considering proposals for pressing sales of Treasury Bonds as an alternative to the new Loan. Last week the sales of Treasury Bills rose from £46,000,000 to £57,000,000 sterling, and £30,000,000 were redeemed. There are now over £800,000,000 outstanding. The sales of Exchequer Bonds were only just over £3,000,000.

GUEST, KEEN, AND NETTLEFOLD'S.

Several large iron and steel companies have issued their reports this week, one of the most important being that of Guest, Keen, and Nettlefold's, the large Birmingham concern, which relates to the year ended June 30th last. Profits which fell by over £17,000 in the first year of war and recovered by £40,000 a year ago, have further increased by £9,000 to £359,400, the figure being arrived at after making provision for special taxation. The figures for the past four years are as follows:—

	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17
	£	£	£	£
Net Profit	332,200	317,600	350,500	359,400
Brought forward ...	239,000	270,500	357,300	377,000
	571,200	588,100	707,800	736,400
Preference Dividend ...	86,000	86,000	86,000	86,000
Reserve	70,000	—	100,000	100,000
Ordinary Dividend ...	144,750	144,750	144,750	144,750
	(15 p.c.)	(15 p.c.)	(15 p.c.)	(15 p.c.)
Carried forward ...	270,500	357,300	377,000	405,700

The profits for the year 1912-13 totalled £383,400, but, with this exception, the profits for the past year are the highest recorded. The appropriation of profits is the same as for the previous year, the 5 per cent. dividend on the preference shares and the 10 per cent. dividend and 5 per cent. bonus on the Ordinary shares all being paid free of income tax as in previous years. The balance carried forward is £28,700 higher at £405,700. The reserve fund stands at £1,550,000; this year's appropriation will raise it to £1,650,000. Creditors, including liabilities for special taxes, have been increased by £440,400 to £1,185,100; while debtors are £117,500 higher at £821,900. Investments have increased from £2,851,500 to £3,210,100, while cash and bills show an increase of £182,300 at £670,500.

THE DUNLOP DEAL.

The interesting announcement has been made this week by the Parent Tyre Company that an offer has been made by Messrs. Henry Beecham and James White to purchase their holding of 712,468 ordinary shares of £1 each in the Dunlop Rubber Company at £4 per share, which the directors have accepted. The offer is extended to the holders of the remainder of the 1,000,000 Ordinary shares who, if they wish to avail themselves of it must execute the necessary transfers before September 5th. The purchasers have also agreed to acquire for £340,000 the royalty payable to the Parent Tyre Company. The whole transaction is conditional upon the latter company purchasing from the underwriters at 9s. 6d. per share the whole of a proposed issue of 1,500,000 7 per cent. Cumulative C Preference shares of £1 each, 10s. paid, and agreeing to purchase a further 1,250,000 as and when issued. The position of the shareholders of the Parent Tyre Company will thus be a satisfactory one.

LUCCELLUM.

